

Agony
In Armenia **EARTHQUAKE**

TIME

Over to You, George

Gorbachev's newest
peace offensive
challenges the U.S.
to respond



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**COVER: How 16
Gorbachev views
the cold war's end**

At the U.N., his eloquent call for a new world order reverses decades of Soviet dogma and leaves it to Bush to come up with his own initiative.

- Will the promised cuts in conventional forces reduce the Soviet threat to Europe?

BUSINESS: U.S. firms send workers back to class

Faced with a labor force sadly lacking basic skills, a growing number of companies are forced to teach the three Rs. ▶ The Montreal trade talks end with a major deadlock.

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RELIGION: Secrets of the ministerial job market

Searches by two major Protestant churches typify the mysterious, arduous process of "calling." ▶ The feds slam PTL's fallen star Jim Bakker (but not Tammy) with a giant fraud indictment.

71



PROFILE: A born explainer goes for No. 403

Autobiographies and mysteries, collections of limericks, books on physics and the Bible, Shakespeare and sci-fi—all bear the byline of the protean author Isaac Asimov.

80



BOOKS: A holiday hamper of glowing gift titles

Dürer meets Daffy Duck, high fashion flutters beside wildflowers, and movie posters compete with Queen Mary's dolls' house in a season's pick that ranges from the opulent to the offbeat.

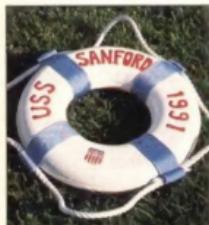
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WORLD: How 34 nature dealt his land a brutal blow

An earthquake in Armenia kills as many as 45,000, prompting Gorbachev to speed home early. ► Moscow asks for—and gets—aid from the U.S. ► What will the disaster do to *perestroika*?



EDUCATION: Want to get into college? Get a gimmick

High school students are using p.r. ploys that would put Procter & Gamble to shame: sending videotapes and cookies with their applications and hiring imagemakers.

75



CINEMA: Two out of five ain't bad

In Hollywood's annual search for holiday hits and critics' awards, a pair of romantic comedies are on target, while two ambitious dramas misfire and a cops-and-drugs thriller shoots blanks.

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TRAVEL: How to glitz up an old New York hotel

After a \$10 million face-lift, the remodeled Royalton may be the least boring public building in Manhattan. It's so cutting-edge you'd better bring Band-Aids—and plenty of cash.

89



SHOW BUSINESS: A TV tour de force goes to the movies

Dennis Potter's BBC serial about a writer lacerated by memory and fantasy, *The Singing Detective*, comes to a Manhattan movie house. On big screen or small, it's a bloody masterpiece.

90

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The real message of your account of the assassination of John Kennedy is that after 2½ decades we still don't know who killed him [THE ASSASSINATION, Nov. 28]. All evidence involving Lee Harvey Oswald's pulling the trigger remains circumstantial, and the John Connally-as-target theory is mere conjecture.

Dennis P. Seniff
East Lansing, Mich.

Oswald had enough anger to kill, as demonstrated by his suicide attempt. But he never showed the ability to work in a group effort. Why would that become possible on Nov. 22, 1963? Oswald shot the President, and he did it alone.

Michael Alan Landau
Downey, Calif.

It has been 25 years since that day in Dallas, and still we are subjected to the findings of the Warren Commission. Now comes this nonsense that Oswald meant to kill Connally, not Kennedy. This story is no more credible than the commission's report. That there was a conspiracy is beyond doubt. More happened in Dallas than we were ever told. The Warren Commission was supposed to calm our fears; instead it became a part of them.

Allan Bieniek
Southgate, Mich.

Letters

J.F.K.'S ASSASSINATION

"The Warren Commission was supposed to calm our fears; instead it became a part of them."

Allan Bieniek, Southgate, Mich.

Whoever the real target was, the result, unfortunately, remains the same: J.F.K. is dead. His life was wonderful, his death tragic. Kennedys may not cry, but the country continues to.

Kate Edwards
Manassas, Va.

Soviet Nationalities

I hope Mikhail Gorbachev, along with the Soviet bureaucracy, realizes that an economically liberated Estonia [WORLD, Nov. 28] could become a free port between the East and the West and serve as a bridge, just as Hong Kong does in the Far East. Win or lose, the Estonians are upholding the principle of independence, and I applaud these brave people.

Toomas Rebane
Las Vegas

You indicate Gorbachev has discovered that the "unbreakable" Soviet Union has a few cracks. At the same time, the Estonians and Armenians are learning how to take advantage of *perestroika*.

José F. Barrera López
Dublin

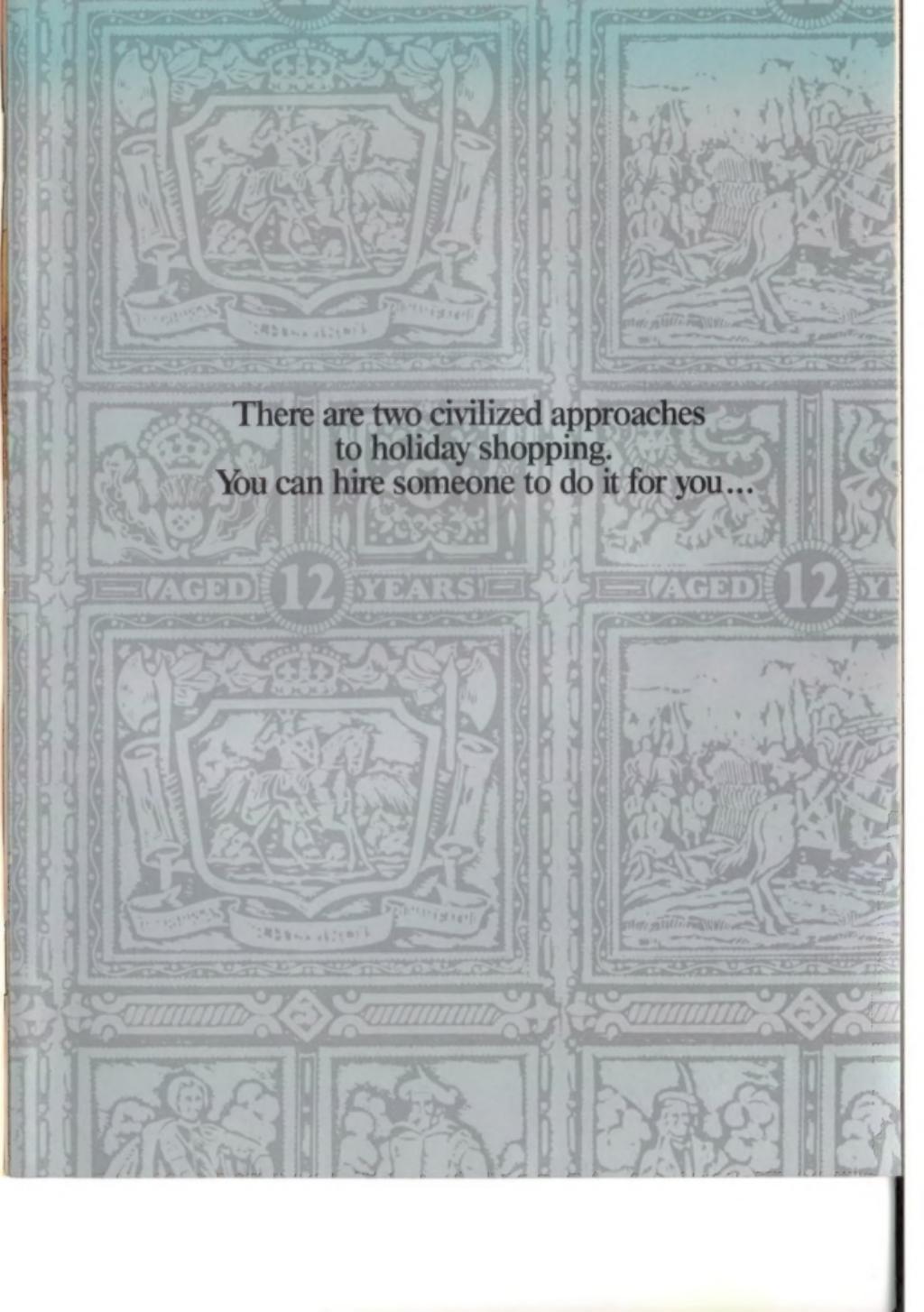
Bhutto Triumphant

Benazir Bhutto is not only well educated and farsighted but has also proved her worth in the male-dominated Pakistani society by facing up to the authoritarian regime of Mohammed Zia ul-Haq [WORLD, Nov. 28]. Her pragmatism and lack of rigid ideological commitments have made her a major force in the turbulent politics of Pakistan. She is perhaps the only civilian leader who can deal effectively with Pakistan's internal and external problems at this stage.

Pervaiz A. Junejo
Larkana, Pakistan

Bhutto's victory in the recent elections has opened a new chapter in Pakistan's history. It now seems possible that the dreams of a return to democracy will come true for millions of Pakistanis. Bhutto is a smart politician and more practical than her emotional father.

M. Yusof Ahmad
Merrill, Wis.



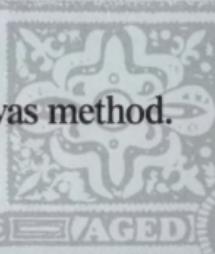
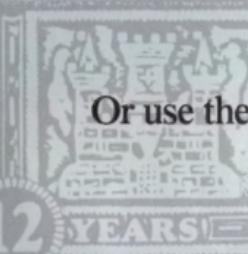
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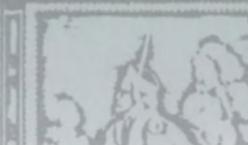
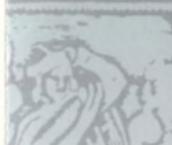
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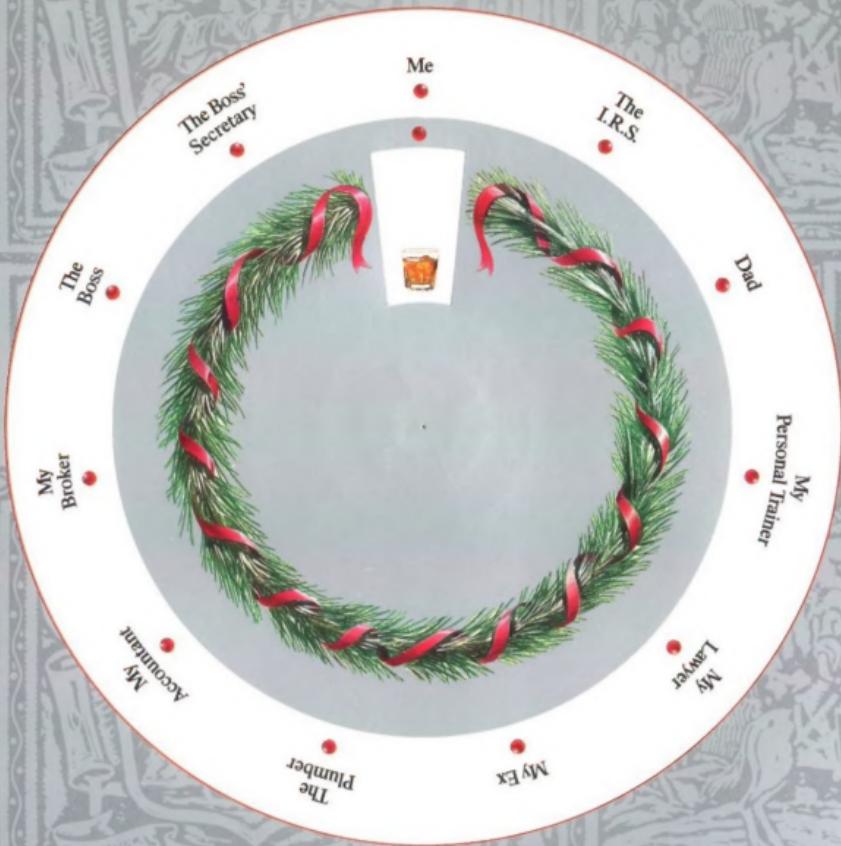
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On-the-Job Style

The story "A Hard Nose and a Short Skirt" (LAW, Nov. 14) presented an unfortunate and narrow view of professional women. Sex-discrimination expert Herma Hill Kay was wrong: one can be "businesslike" and "feminine" at the same time. It is not necessary for a woman to choose between being "gruff" or a "bimbo" in order to be effective and feminine in the office.

Mary T. Whitaker
Beech Grove, Ind.

What attorney Brenda Taylor in her brief, tight-fitting, ruffled outfit seems unwilling to understand is that, whether we like it or not, others are going to appraise us by what we do, how we do it, what we say, how we say it and how we look. One has to wonder who could possibly trust Taylor's opinion on a legal matter when her judgment on appropriate clothing is so poor?

Rita Cummins Sappenstein
Yardley, Pa.

Tackling the Drug Problem

The piece "Desperados" (EXCERPT, Nov. 7), on the murder of DEA agent "Kiki" Camarena, adds to a lengthy series of books and articles that divide the world into good guys and bad guys. Underlying this report is the simplistic assumption that the U.S. drug problem is induced by negative international factors. To tackle the issue of drugs, it would be wiser and more honest to search for the social, psychological and biological causes that foster the growing and seemingly insatiable appetite for illicit drugs.

The author asserts that corruption reaches very high levels in the Mexican government. However, offenders have been brought to trial, without exception, whenever there has been evidence—not just rumors or hearsay—presented against them. In a democracy, due process of law must prevail.

Jorge Espinosa de los Reyes
Mexican Ambassador to the U.S.
Washington

The increase in the quantity of cocaine smuggled into the U.S. is reflected in its recent decline in price. The great bulk of the substance coming in originates as coca leaves grown in Bolivia and Peru, two of the poorest countries in South America. Obviously, reducing the flow of cocaine into the U.S. would deal a severe blow to their economies. But suppose our Government were willing to buy their production of coca leaves, pay in dollars and then destroy the plants?

If foreign aid were first suspended and the payment for coca were projected to exceed the current foreign aid, we might get full "cooperation" from Bolivia and

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Peru. Obviously, foreign drug mafiosi would try to outbid U.S. buyers for coca and, if that failed, resort to intimidation to ensure their supply. However, the two countries would attempt to deliver a large part of the coca crop to us. After this system was established, we would guarantee to supply them the same amount of dollars each year to grow food crops like potatoes and grains.

John D. Goode
Hanover, N.H.

Superfund Service

In your report "Nine Jobs to Watch," you correctly noted that my job at EPA is complex and controversial [NATION, Nov. 28]. However, your snapshot of the Superfund program implies that little has been accomplished. In fact, almost 1,400 emergency cleanup actions have been taken since 1981; more extensive engineering or final cleanup activities are in progress at some 800 sites, with an additional 50 sites completed; and more than \$1 billion in work or payments has been obtained from responsible parties. I am proud of the achievements of EPA and state career employees.

J. Winston Porter
Assistant EPA Administrator
for Solid Waste and Emergency Response
Washington

Kindness to Animals

I deplore the attempt by animal-rights activist Fran Trutt to bomb the U.S. Surgical Corp. as a protest against cruelty to dogs used in medical research [NATION, Nov. 28]. Violence will never stop violence. But the proper issue should be addressed: the idea that anything not human has no real life to be taken from it. This is a risky view. However, we have the capability, through nonviolent action, to change this life-destroying pattern.

Stephanie Bowker
Oak Park, Ill.

It has been my experience that people who are kind to animals are thoughtful of their fellow human beings, and people who are cruel to animals are mean to their fellow creatures. Fran Trutt's actions don't make sense.

Elizabeth B. Kraemer
Sausalito, Calif.

Man of the Year?

Surgeon General C. Everett Koop. His concern for human beings and his courage and foresight have been a beacon of light in a time when the forces of divisiveness spread hatred, lies and fear.

Barbara S. Amdurer
Fairfax, Va.

I suggest Willie Horton. He changed America's history for the '90s.

Sam J. Maizels
Seattle

How about a woman? Specifically, Margaret Thatcher or Benazir Bhutto.

Bernard Sinsheimer
Boulogne-Billancourt, France

Etienne Beaulieu, the French scientist who developed RU-486, the abortion pill that may prove to be the most revolutionary invention of the 20th century.

Stacy R. Seldin
New York City

Clarification

In its story previewing key election races [NATION, Oct. 24], TIME reported that Nevada Senator Chic Hecht's press secretary said that Senate colleagues either ridiculed or ignored Hecht. Michael Miller, the press secretary, has since advised TIME that his quote referred to the news media, not to Hecht's colleagues in the Senate.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, or may be faxed in TIME at (212) 522-0907. They should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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Critics' Choice



BOOKS

DEAR MILI by Wilhelm Grimm (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$16.95). A newly discovered Grimm fairy tale relates a stark saga of childhood and the death of innocence, amplified by Maurice Sendak's floating vistas and romantic palette.

PARTING THE WATERS: AMERICA IN THE KING YEARS, 1954-1963 by Taylor Branch (Simon & Schuster; \$24.95). A biography as social history puts Martin Luther King Jr. at the center of the American revolution in race relations that began with sit-ins and Freedom Rides and ended with President Lyndon B. Johnson maneuvering a stalled civil rights bill through Congress.



MOVIES

TWINS. Danny DeVito. Arnold Schwarzenegger. Twins! How's that for "high concept"? Fortunately, this comedy boasts more than tall-guy, short-guy jokes. It has an easy warmth that never slopes over into sentiment.

MISSISSIPPI BURNING. As G-men investigating racially motivated murders, Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe become caught up in the civil rights movement. From the black community's frightened



TELEVISION

A Holiday Sampler

THE CHRISTMAS WIFE

(HBO, Dec. 12, 15, 18, 21, 24). Widower Jason Robards turns to a matchmaker for relief from a lonely holiday.

BOB HOPE'S JOLLY CHRISTMAS SHOW

(NBC, Dec. 17, 8 p.m. EST). The usual sleighful of one-liners.

PEE-WEE'S PLAYHOUSE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

(CBS, Dec. 21, 8 p.m. EST). With Chairry, Globey and gobs of guest stars.

A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS IN WALES

(PBS, Dec. 21, 8 p.m. on most stations). Denholm Elliot in Dylan Thomas' tale.

silence to the local lawmen's self-righteous denials, director Alan Parker has powerfully re-imagined a time and place.

OLIVER & COMPANY. Dickens with a twist: the sprightly tale of an orphan cat named Oliver, a gang of raffish dogs and a pampered poodle with Bette Midler's voice. A jaunty love song to New York City, and the sharpest Disney cartoon feature since Walt died.



THEATER

MR. CINDERS. Goodspeed Opera House in East Haddam, Conn., which revives musicals from the heyday of tuneful fluff, has a charmer in this gender reversal of Cinderella.



TATTERTOWN

(Nickelodeon, Dec. 21, 23, 25). A new holiday cartoon from irreverent animator Ralph Bakshi.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(CBS, Dec. 22, 9 p.m. EST). The George C. Scott version, a dandy, is back again.

ONE MAGIC CHRISTMAS

(NBC, Dec. 23, 9 p.m. EST). Mary Steenburgen as a young mother who learns the meaning of—guess what?

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

(almost everywhere). Imagine what Christmas would be like if Frank Capra's film classic had never been born.

AN AMERICAN JOURNEY

Based on a true case of a family's 25-year fight against a cover-up of a black man's murder, this play, now at the Philadelphia Drama Guild, rocked Milwaukee, where it is set.

SPOILS OF WAR

Kate Nelligan glows as a feckless but fascinating mother in Michael Weller's poignant story of estranged parents and a teen son who schemes to reunite them. Now on Broadway.



MUSIC

STAY AWAKE (A&M). A collection of tunes from Disney films is a bundle of surprises. Suzanne Vega spooks her way through a Mary Poppins ditty,

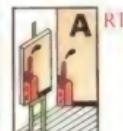
Tom Waits does a mine-shaft version of *Heigh Ho*; Ringo Starr and Herb Alpert loft *When You Wish Upon a Star*: a little eccentric but beguiling enough to be more than novelty.

THE TRAVELING WILBURYS, VOL. 1

(Wilbury Records). They look and sound a lot like George Harrison, Bob Dylan, Roy Orbison and other famous folk. Could it possibly be? The mystery is thin, but the sounds are joyous, making this the good-time record of the year.

SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY NO. 9

(Virgin). Charles Mackerras leads the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment in the aptly nicknamed "Great" C Major Symphony, on original instruments.



ART

THE ART OF PAOLO VERONESE: 1528-1588

National Gallery of Art, Washington. To see Veronese's glowingly colored, exquisitely textured works is to glimpse the splendor of Venice's Golden Age. Through Feb. 20.

COURBET RECONSIDERED

Brooklyn Museum, New York City. Vast landscapes, lavish nudes and masterly portraits in an ambitious retrospective of paintings by the 19th-century realist. Through Jan. 16.

THE DRAWINGS OF RICHARD DIEBENKORN

Museum of Modern Art, New York City. A full-scale survey of the West Coast painter's works on paper, offering a rich view of his abstract and representational periods. Through Jan. 10.

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Mazda 626. They've also led *Car and Driver* to name Taurus to its list of "10 Best Cars in the World" for three straight years. (Both distinctions given among cars sold in the U.S.) With accolades like these, it's little wonder Taurus is bringing import buyers back to the American sedan.

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American Scene

Memphis

The Mansion Music Made

*There's still good rockin' at
Elvis Presley's Graceland*

BY J.D. REED

Down at the end of lonely street, rush hour begins early and preparations are under way to handle the traffic. Gardeners spruce up the lavish Christmas decorations, guards sip coffee, and guides tug at their jackets as the first visitors ascend the curving drive. Ready, Teddy—it's show time at Graceland, and Elvis Presley, who knew how to stage a stunner, would have loved every lucrative, down-home, star-spangled minute of it.

A decade ago, it was easy to name America's best-known historic homes. They were Monticello and Mount Vernon. But since it opened to the public in 1982, Elvis' place in suburban Whitehaven, a 30-minute drive from downtown Memphis, has attracted more than 3 million visitors. That figure makes it one of the top house attractions in the U.S. This year alone, some 640,000 people will visit Graceland, and in the process they will spend more than \$10 million on tickets, food and souvenirs.



The crowds should come as no surprise. After all, with a shake of the hips and a curl of the lip, Elvis declared a generation's independence. He became history's most recognized entertainer, selling more than 1 billion recordings. Says Karen Pritchett, 26, a cousin of Elvis' who grew up on the estate and is one of some 40 Graceland guides: "These are the roots of rock 'n' roll, right here."

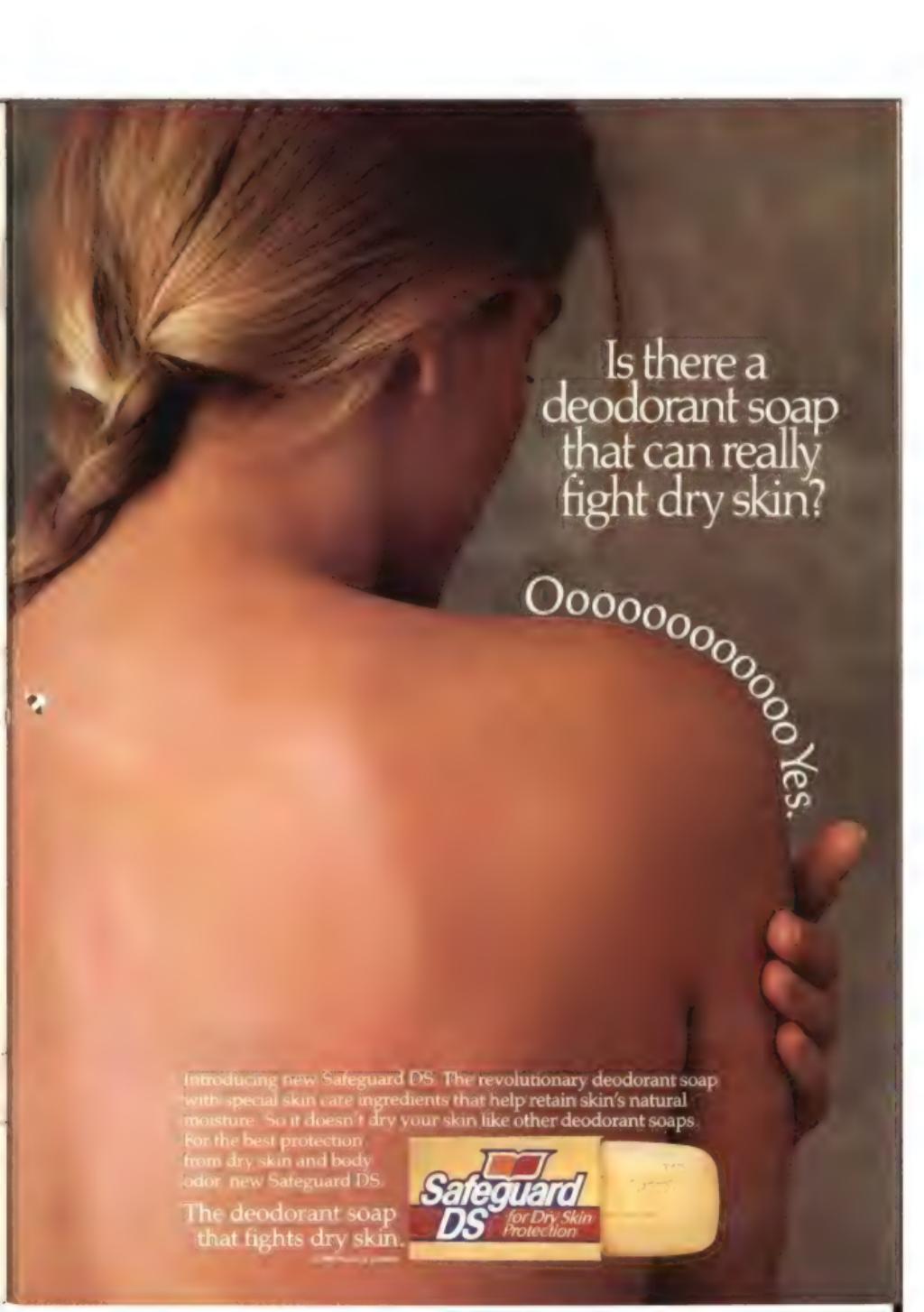
Elvis had a sweet tooth for the mainstream, and the tour of his home appropriately departs from Elvis Presley Boulevard, a four-lane highway lined with Golden Arches and auto dealerships. Across the street from Graceland, a visitor can buy a \$12.95 ticket to see Elvis' home, racquetball court, airplanes, horses, cats, cars and, of course, his grave.

Most Graceland visitors are not crackpots who claim that Elvis is really alive and hiding out in Grand Rapids, Mich. They are simply vacationers, many of them on their way to Florida, whom Graceland communications manager Todd Morgan



A hound dog's haven: the estate is decked out each Yuletide with the decorations Elvis loved

**The hallways seem to whisper
a message of supple hips and simple dreams.
One can almost hear Elvis singing.**



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American Scene

characterizes as "Mom and Dad and the kids stopping off in their RVs."

Aside from Mickey Mouse, Elvis may be the most膜mented American in history. His likeness pouts from place mats, clocks and refrigerator magnets in souvenir shops near the ticket booths. Near by, folks can make a videotape of themselves singing along to one of 35 Elvis tunes or enjoy biscuits and gravy, one of his favorite dishes, at the Heartbreak Hotel restaurant. The commercialism is confined to one side of the street, says Jack Soden, executive director of Graceland, a business run by the singer's estate, because "we want you to see Graceland as if Elvis himself had invited you over."

Although Elvis died eleven years ago, Graceland remains an active family affair. The 22-year-old singer bought the 13.8-acre estate from a Memphis physician for about \$100,000 in 1957. From the first, it was a lively home base for the Presley clan. Elvis rode his horse down to the gates to chat with fans and had fireworks fights with his buddies and relatives on the lawn. Today, whether they knew him or not, everyone on Graceland's staff, which grows to 450 during the summer season, refers to the singer by his first name. Elvis' septuagenarian uncle, Vester Presley, who once manned the gates, promotes his Southern cookbook in the record store called EP's LPs, and the aroma of down-home dinners still drifts through the house. The King's aunt Delta Biggs, 68, inhabits a downstairs suite and cooks for the night cleaning crew.

At first glance, the 23-room neoclassical house seems a picture-book fantasy of wealth—staid sweeps of off-white and gilt reflected in blue mirrors. But a closer look reveals some worn furniture that speaks of layaway plans and discount shops, pieces hauled over from the Presleys' prestardom house.

The décor provokes differing views. For Louisiana State University medical student Chris Gegg, 23, who drove all night from New Orleans with two friends, Graceland is "incredible." But like many visitors, Russell and Betty Hines, a retired farm couple from Atlantic, Iowa, are a little disappointed. Says Russell: "I thought it would be, you know, a little more grand."

Graceland never quite makes it that far, but in places it sure twists and shout. Elvis picked all the furnishings for his den, called the Jungle Room, during a 30-minute shopping trip to Donald's, a Memphis furniture store. The huge chairs and sofas are upholstered in what resembles fake monkey fur, and the grass-green shag carpeting that covers both floor and ceiling makes such an acoustically perfect room that Elvis recorded eight hits here for his last album, *Moody Blue*. The yellow-and-blue TV room sports three built-

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American Scene

in sets mounted side by side. Elvis was aping the three sets in the Oval Office. The excess prompted one Reebok grandmother to pronounce, "It's a killer."

Visitors almost did not get to see Graceland at all. By 1981, four years after Elvis died, taxes, security and upkeep cost some \$400,000 a year. But, says Soden, "you couldn't just plunk down a FOR SALE sign out front. There are people buried up there." Also, Priscilla Presley, Elvis' ex-wife, did not want to part with the home. Although she divorced Elvis in 1973, Priscilla is the mother of his only child and heir, Lisa Marie, 20, and remains an executor of his estate. She gave the go-ahead to turn Graceland into an Elvis museum in 1982. Soden, a former banker, picked up ideas from Montecello and San Simeon, the California mansion of William Randolph Hearst. Smithsonian Institution curators helped Soden and his staff plan the displays.

In the trophy room, a low building beside the house, where Elvis used to keep his slot-car racetracks, visitors are reminded of what all the shoutin' is about. Some 150 of Elvis' gold and platinum records, including *Hound Dog* and *Heartbreak Hotel*, range down a long corridor. His film and stage costumes, from tailored black leather to elaborate Las Vegas numbers, adorn faceless mannequins. Some women with an eye for fashion think the white jumpsuits have been taken in beyond the dimensions necessary to fit the porky Elvis in his final years. Guides stoutly deny it.

Graceland's most intense experience comes in a small plot of shrubs and religious statuary near the pool. Here the graves of Elvis, his parents and his maternal grandmother are marked by large bronze slabs. Fans pluck blades of grass from the plot and leave a variety of mementos, including red roses, teddy bears, hound-dog dolls and religious medallions. Even casual visitors are affected. "The resting place is very impressive," says interior decorator Agustin deRojas, 60, a Cuban refugee who lives in Houston. "I admire Mr. Presley—how he served in the Army when he really didn't have to."

The admiration may be as much for the time as for the man. Graceland's furniture, hues, appliances and attitudes are frozen in the 1970s. "People complain that Graceland isn't up to date," says cousin Karen. "But you have to remember what people looked like in the '70s—the bell-bottoms, the sideburns." The mansion's many mirrors may reflect graying hair and fuller waistlines, but the hallways seem to whisper a message of supple hips and simple dreams. One can almost hear Elvis singing "I've heard the news, there's good rockin' tonight." At Graceland the good times still roll to memory's beat.

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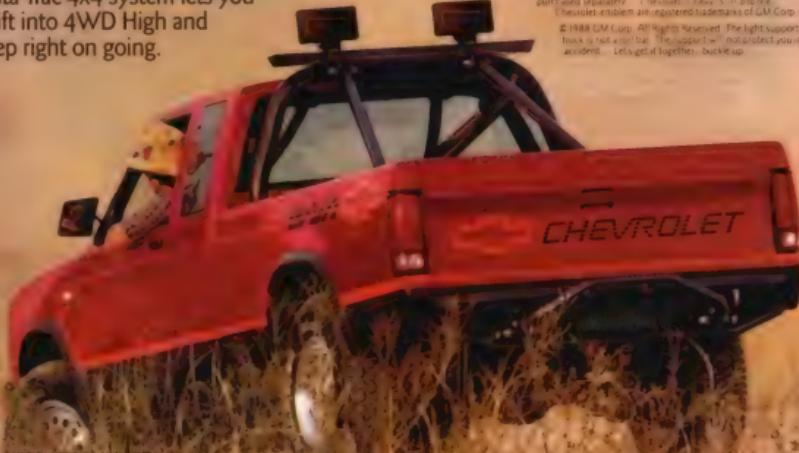
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From the Publisher

Perestroika has come to the press. Kind of. Emulating the White House, the Kremlin laid on a charter plane (only \$4,800 a head) for the Moscow-based press corps to follow Mikhail Gorbachev on his latest round of international travels. But the lumbering Ilyushin-62 jet, dubbed "Glasnost One," proved how far Gorbachev has to go to turn his promises into practice. Caviar and vodka helped while away the 14-hour flight, but the Soviets missed the opportunity—so dear to U.S. officialdom—to "spin" the news when they provided no briefings for their captive audience. On the ground in New York City, Soviet good intentions faltered as reporters were dumped unceremoniously on the pavement outside the United Nations, one hour late for the first Soviet press briefing. When Gorbachev abruptly headed home to survey his country's earthquake damage, TIME Moscow bureau chief John Kohan hitched a ride to Armenia aboard an American mercy flight and happily avoided another trip on Glasnost One.

The trials of covering the other superpower are nothing new to Kohan, a longtime student of the Gorbachev phenomenon. A fluent speaker of Russian who studied for four months at Lenin-



The boys on the Red bus: Kohan covers Estonia

"Gorbachev has shown an endless talent for the unexpected."

But keeping an eye on Gorbachev is as exciting as it is demanding. Says Kohan: "There have been times during the past hectic months of political activity when I have wondered if Gorbachev has not reached a dead end. Then, suddenly, he will pull off a surprise, and everything will move forward again. He has shown an endless talent for the unexpected."

Robert L. Miller

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• COVER STORIES

The Gorbachev Challenge

He came, he spoke, he conquered. But his enticing call for a kinder, gentler world provides an opportunity for Bush: to recapture the initiative by offering an American vision for ending the cold war

BY WALTER ISAACSON

 Much of the first half of the 20th century was dominated by the death spasms of an international system based on shifting European alliances. The subsequent 40 years have been shaped by a struggle between two rival superpowers for military and ideological supremacy in all corners of a decolonized globe. Now comes Mikhail Gorbachev with a sweeping vision of a "new world order" for the 21st century. In his dramatic speech to the United Nations last week, the Soviet President painted an alluring ghost of Christmas future in which the threat of military force would no longer be an instrument of foreign policy, and ideology would cease to play a dominant role in relations among nations.

His vision, both compelling and audacious, was suffused with the romantic dream of a swords-into-plowshares "transition from the economy of armaments to an economy of disarmament." Included were enticing initiatives on a variety of concerns, such as Afghanistan, emigration, human rights and arms control. Toppling it off was a unilateral decision to cut within two years total Soviet armed forces 10%, withdraw 50,000 troops from East-

ern Europe and reduce by half the number of Soviet tanks in East Germany, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. If George Bush can build on it, this surprise announcement could reinvigorate conventional arms-control talks, which in turn could help the U.S. out of its budget morass and alleviate strains within NATO over how to share the burden of maintaining a sturdy conventional and nuclear defense.

Yet Gorbachev's gambit is also fraught with potential dangers for the U.S. The announced cuts are substantive enough to lure the West toward complacency, yet they are too small to dent significantly the advantages in men, matériel and geography that the Soviet bloc has over NATO. In addition, by once more dazzling the world with cleverly packaged and repackaged proposals, the self-assured Soviet leader displayed the seductive charms that could woo Western Europe into a neutered neutralism.

But perhaps the greater danger was that the U.S. would again find itself unable to seize the initiative or provide an imaginative response. Gorbachev's U.N. speech was the most resonant enunciation yet of his "new thinking" in foreign policy, which has the potential to produce the most dramatic historic shift since George Marshall and Harry Truman helped build





Nation

the Western Alliance as a bulwark of democracy. But as the Soviets play the politics of *da*—saying yes to issue after issue raised by the Reagan Administration—the U.S. seems in peril of letting its wary “not yet” begin to sound like *nyet*.

Gorbachev's timing was adroit. He has proved to be a virtuoso at playing on Reagan's romantic notions about peace and disarmament. Faced with an incoming President far more cautious than Reagan, Gorbachev finagled a meeting at which his own vision of the future would go unchallenged. Bush could not properly respond until he takes office next month, and Reagan seemed barely relevant as he bubbled his favorite Russian phrase, “Trust but verify,” at a press conference following Gorbachev's departure.

The Soviet leader also showed that with the magnetism of his personality and the crackle of his ideas, he remains the most commanding presence on the world stage. He is the one performer who can steal a scene from Ronald Reagan, and he did; as they viewed the Statue of Liberty, the visiting Communist played the self-confident superstar while Reagan ambled about like an amiable sidekick and Bush lapsed into the premonition gawkiness that used to plague him whenever he stumbled across Reagan's shadow. Afterward, Mikhail and Raisa's foray into Manhattan provoked more excitement than any other visit since Pope John Paul II's in 1979. Even the devastating Armenian earthquake that forced Gorbachev to rush home early, and the sudden resignation of his Chief of the General Staff Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, added dramatic punctuations to his visit.

What is destined to be remembered about Gorbachev's Dec. 7, 1988, speech is not just his specific proposals—many of them had been made before—but also the way they fit together in a world forum to transcend the ideological dogmas that have driven Soviet foreign policy for 70 years. With his metal-rimmed glasses glinting in the lights of the General Assembly's green marble dais, Gorbachev praised the “tremendous impetus to mankind's progress” that came from the French and Russian revolutions. “But,” he added—and a listener should always lean forward when Gorbachev begins a sentence with that conjunction—“today we face a different world, for which we must seek a different road to the future.” Marx may have been bemused, but Lenin most likely froze in mid-scoof.

Again bordering on apostasy, Gorbachev addressed the cold war: “Let historians argue who is more and who is less to blame for it.” In fact, understanding the reasons for the long twilight struggle is crucial to answering the most important question raised by Moscow's new thinking: Should the U.S. eagerly accept Gorda-

“We Seek a Different Road”

Could these really be the words of the world's top Communist? Gorbachev's U.N. address was noteworthy for its lack of Sovietspeak, that tired amalgam of jargon, code words and clichés laden with ideology. Some excerpts:

The world in which we live today is radically different from what it was at the beginning or even in the middle of this century. And it continues to change...

Today the preservation of any kind of “closed” society is hardly possible... The world economy is becoming a single organism, and no state, whatever its social system or economic status, can normally develop outside it.

The greatest philosophers sought to grasp the laws of social development and find an answer to the main question: How to make man's life happy, just and safe. The French Revolution of 1789 and the Russian Revolution of 1917 exerted a powerful impact on the very nature of history and radically changed the course of world development... To a large extent, those two revolutions shaped the way of thinking that is still prevalent in social consciousness. But today we face a different world, for which we must seek a different road to the future.

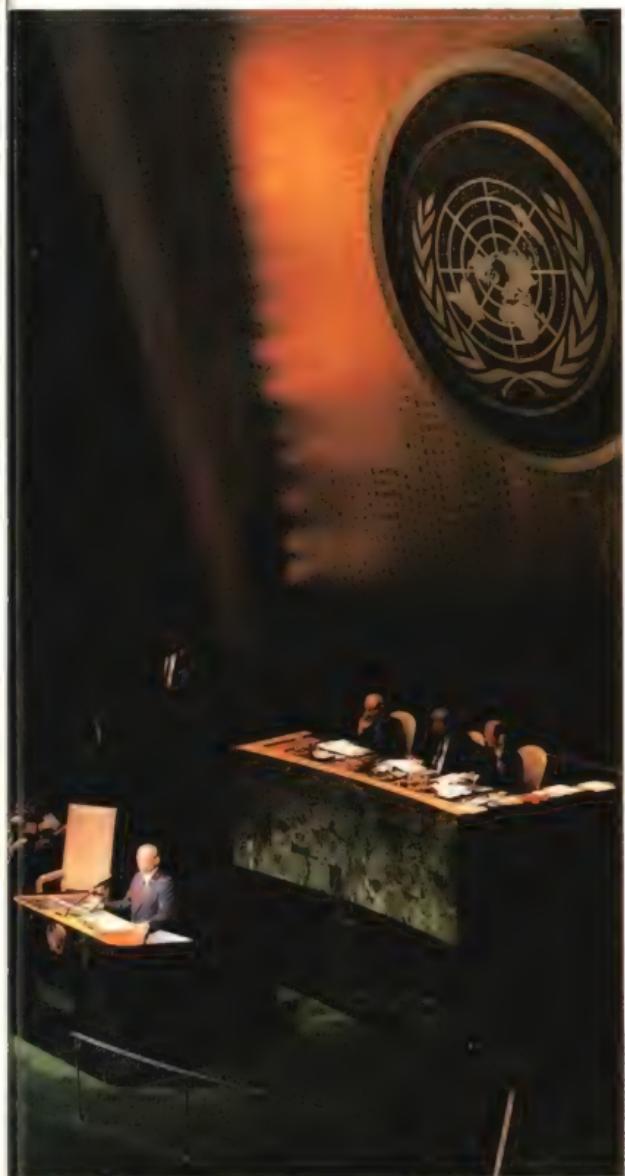
The formula of development “at the expense of others” is on the way out. In the light of existing realities, no genuine progress is possible at the expense of the rights and freedoms of individuals and nations, or at the expense of nature.

The use or threat of force no longer can or must be an instrument of foreign policy... All of us, and primarily the stronger of us, must exercise self-restraint and totally rule out any outward-oriented use of force... It is now quite clear that building up military power makes no country omnipotent. What is more, one-sided reliance on military power ultimately weakens other components of national security. It is also quite clear to us that the principle of freedom of choice is mandatory. Its nonrecognition is fraught with extremely grave consequences for world peace. Denying that right to the peoples under whatever pretext or rhetorical guise means jeopardizing even the fragile balance that has been attained. Freedom of choice is a universal principle that should allow for no exceptions... As the world asserts its diversity, attempts to look down on others and to teach them one's own brand of democracy become totally improper, to say nothing of the fact that democratic values intended for export often very quickly lose their worth.

What we are talking about, therefore, is unity in diversity... We are not abandoning our convictions, our philosophy or traditions, nor do we urge anyone to abandon theirs. But neither do we have any intention to be hemmed in by our values. That would result in intellectual impoverishment, for it would mean rejecting a powerful source of development—the exchange of everything original that each nation has independently created.

We are, of course, far from claiming to be in possession of the ultimate truth.





chev's tempting invitation to declare the cold war over? Significantly, he addressed, with words and proposed actions, each of the core causes of that contest:

► The most concrete reason for the West's 40-year rivalry with the Soviet Union is the thrusting, threatening nature of that empire. Historic Russian expansionism, the Marxist-Leninist ideology of global class conflict, and a Kremlin mind-set that security can come only through the insecurity of adversaries have combined to create a nation whose defensive instincts can be frighteningly offensive. In his speech, Gorbachev proposed to preclude any "outward-oriented use of force," a phrase that nicely captures the essence of Soviet military policy since World War II. More important were his promised troop cuts, not just their numbers but their nature. The West has long insisted that any conventional-forces agreement requires the Soviets to reconfigure their troops into a defensive posture. Gorbachev pledged to move in that direction by withdrawing assault units, river-crossing equipment and tanks that threaten a blitzkrieg through central Europe. Deterring such an attack has been the core reason for NATO's existence.

► These troops have also served as the Soviet jackboot on the throat of East European nations, whose subjugation is another cause of the cold war. Gorbachev's cuts will not necessarily raise the Iron Curtain, but his U.N. speech did pledge that "freedom of choice is a universal principle that should allow for no exceptions," and added, "This applies both to the capitalist and to the socialist system."

► Gorbachev's goal of shifting resources from military to domestic needs goes to the heart of a related source of East-West tensions: the militarization of Soviet society. Since Gorbachev took power, U.S. experts estimate that the money spent on defense has continued to increase, a sign that the cold war has not yet reached an armistice. But in his speech, Gorbachev announced that Moscow would make public its plan for converting a few military plants to civilian use. If it does so, that will be a complement to his arms-control proposals, which are based on the new and vaguely defined doctrine of "reasonable sufficiency." The doctrine holds that Soviet capabilities need not have the potential for a pre-emptive strike but must merely be adequate to respond to an attack on the Soviet Union and its allies.

► The most profound quarrel many Westerners have with the Soviets is that their totalitarian system represses the individual. But Gorbachev stressed the Soviet goal of creating a "world community of states based on the rule of law." Sounding more like Jefferson than Lenin, he spoke of "ensuring the rights of the individual," guaranteeing "freedom of conscience" and forbidding persecution based on "political or religious beliefs."

► On the issue of emigration, Gorbachev



A LIGHT LUNCH

It was as informal as a meal can be for the leaders of two superpowers meeting in a 27-room Georgian mansion on a sealed-off island. The talk ranged from the Krasnoyarsk radar to what is best to see in New York. ("California," said Reagan.) Fourteen guests lunched on veal with smoked quail (no pun intended) and the Great American Delicacy: Oreocookie chocolate tart. Gorbachev received reassurance that, despite conservative skepticism about *perestroika*, neither Reagan nor Bush wants to see him fail in his campaign to reinvigorate Soviet society.

pledged to remove the whole issue of refuseniks from the agenda by revising the secrecy laws that prevent many Soviet citizens from leaving the U.S.S.R. After a set period of time, he pledged, any person who wants to emigrate or travel will have the legal option to do so. More broadly, he spoke of the futility of maintaining restrictions designed to seal off the Soviet Union from the world. "Today, the preservation of any kind of closed society is hardly possible," he said. Just before his arrival, the jamming of Radio Liberty ended.

Another component of the cold war has been distrust, including a Western belief that the Soviets reserved the right to "lie and cheat," as Reagan put it eight years ago, if it served their interests. Gorbachev, who has reversed long-standing Kremlin policy by agreeing to on-site inspections of military installations, attempted in his U.N. speech to remove a major issue of compliance with the Antiballistic Missile Treaty: the Krasnoyarsk radar station. He said Moscow would accept the "dismantling and refitting" of certain components, and place the facility under U.N. control. At his lunch with Reagan and Bush just after the speech, one American asked, "Did we hear that word dismantle right?" Replied Gorbachev: "Yes, that was the word I used."

When Gorbachev's speech ended, Secretary of State George Shultz, who had not twitched his Buddha-like face throughout, walked over to Raisa for a chat. "A very good and important speech," he said. As Shultz knows as well as anyone, that will depend on whether Soviet realities come to match Gorbachev's rhetoric. If they do, the ramifications are enormous. Should Gorbachev succeed in reducing the expansionist

threat that Moscow poses to the West, loosening its domination over Eastern Europe and changing its repressive relationship with its citizens, then indeed the fundamental reasons for the great global struggle between East and West—and the rationale for the containment policy that has shaped America's approach to the world for 40 years—would evaporate.

Skepticism, of course, is probably warranted and certainly prudent. Gorbachev's vision has a boldness born of necessity: he was able to graft his clamorous need to shift Soviet investment toward consumer needs and present it as a package of breathtaking diplomacy. Like the politician that he is, Gorbachev seeks to protect his power by producing triumphs on the world stage and the payoffs of *perestroika* at home. Offering a modest troop cut that would trim unnecessary flab from

the armed forces neatly serves both goals.

Gorbachev's refrain of *glasnost* and *perestroika* also raises the specter of another Russian word, *peredyska*, the old Leninist notion of seeking a "breathing space" by making temporary accommodations so that the revolution can eventually roar forward with renewed zeal.

Of greater danger, however, is the possibility that a wary and grudging attitude could cause the U.S. to miss out on a historic turning point in world affairs. Those who sniff at Gorbachev's recent moves were proposing last year that many of these same steps—on emigration, troop configurations, individual rights, loosening controls in Eastern Europe—be used as litmus tests of Soviet intentions. With every Gorbachev move, the evidence mounts that he is seeking not just a breathing space but a fundamental change in the Soviet system.

The key question about Gorbachev used to be whether he was sincere. That question no longer seems relevant. As the U.S. learned when it finally decided to take *do* for an answer on the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty, Gorbachev's words have consequences.

Far more relevant is the question of whether he can succeed. The sudden resignation of Marshal Akhromeyev, ostensibly for reasons of health, served as another reminder of the possibility that the military bureaucracy that supported the ouster of Nikita Khrushchev after his efforts to cut the armed forces could someday attempt the same with Gorbachev. It is unclear exactly what happened to Akhromeyev and what his future role might be, but it is well known that like much of the Soviet military bureaucracy, he did not approve of unilateral troop cuts.

God—or History

New thinking can lead to old beliefs. Before his speech to the General Assembly, Mikhail Gorbachev met for an hour with U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar. When Pérez de Cuellar thanked Gorbachev for the Soviets' recent support for U.N. peacekeeping efforts, Gorbachev replied, "God is on your side at the United Nations." After a short pause, he rephrased his sentiments in more orthodox Marxist fashion: "The objective trends of what is happening in history are on your side."



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Nation

At last year's Washington summit, Akhromeyev used an old Russian (and American) saying with National Security Adviser Colin Powell: "Watch what we do, not what we say." Western skeptics use the same phrase in warning of the dangers of being seduced by Gorbachev. The criticism that he should be judged by his deeds rather than his words is in fact a back-handed testament to the far-reaching nature of what he has been saying. Putting these ideas on the record at the U.N. serves to lay down a marker that he can use to pressure the bureaucracy at home. As a State Department official explained last week, "You can't get up in a forum such as this, promise things and then not deliver. That's just inconceivable."

By springing his ideas when the U.S. is unable to respond, Gorbachev guaranteed that he will retain the moral initiative that has made him the most popular world leader in much of Western Europe. Bush will thus start off in a position that has faced no other President: until Gorbachev's time, it was the U.S. that did most of the initiating and the Soviets that snorted and stalled and finally gave grudging responses. Now the choreography is reversed.

Bush's most immediate challenge is to preserve NATO unity in the face of dwindling adversity. Likewise, Gorbachev's immediate challenge will be to see how far he can go in Eastern Europe toward a system based on "freedom of choice," rather than the "threat of force," without the Warsaw Pact disintegrating.

But there is an even more complex

challenge that Gorbachev presents to Bush with his U.N. speech: the long-term Battle for Europe that is destined to dominate the 1990s. By the end of 1992, Western Europe's integration into a unified market should be formal even if not complete; the result will be not only a powerful economic system but also a more potent political player. Similarly, some East European nations are likely to be spreading their economic wings and learning to fly from Moscow's nest, perhaps even as limited partners in the European Community.

Gorbachev, who has made clear his understanding that the competition for influence in Europe will depend less on military than economic clout, has staked his claim under the banner of a "common home from the Urals to the Atlantic" shared by the Soviets and West Europeans. By establishing trade, opening markets and seeking financial credits (as well as unilaterally cutting troops), Gorbachev hopes to entice Western Europe into sharing his vision of home.

Bush has never been one for "the vision thing," and incoming Secretary of State James Baker has not yet shown that he can be a conceptualizer of strategic goals. But Gorbachev's initiatives create a grand opportunity for the new team: to redefine America's role in the world with a boldness that could quickly bring Bush out of the shadows of both Gorbachev and Reagan.

To counter Gorbachev's talk of a "common home," Bush could emphasize

the "common ideals"—free markets, free trade and free people—that have been the positive basis for the American partnership with Western Europe that was born with the Marshall Plan. An alliance once based on necessity would become one based on shared values.

Bush could also lay out a vision of Western goals that transcend the cold war struggle. The necessity to contain Soviet influence often led U.S. policymakers to suppress America's natural idealism and support regimes whose only redeeming grace was their anti-Communism. To the extent that Gorbachev's new thinking makes that less necessary, it frees the U.S. and the West to pursue more positive goals. Among them: attacking environmental problems that cannot be solved on a national basis; shaping aggressive new methods for containing the spread of nuclear, chemical and biological weapons; reducing world famine and poverty; resolving regional conflicts.

Gorbachev has already seized the initiative on many of these issues and seeks to assert his leadership role. Each represents an opportunity for East and West to work together. But just as important, each offers Bush the chance to assert the vision and values that the U.S. and its allies offer the world. In the age of Gorbachev, "new thinking" has become a Soviet monopoly. If Bush hopes to define an age of his own, he must start by reminding the world that new thinking also happens to be an American specialty.

—Reported by John Kahan with Gorbachev, B. William Mader/United Nations and Strobe Talbott/Washington

LAST, AND FIRST

As their official relationship draws to a close, the two leaders grew sentimental. Reagan gave Gorbachev a framed photo of their first meeting in Geneva in 1985, inscribed, "We have walked a long way together to clear a path for peace." The Soviet leader also accepted the torch that Reagan graciously passed. "This is my last meeting," Reagan said. "I'd like to raise a toast to what we have accomplished, what we together have accomplished, and what you and the Vice President after Jan. 20 will accomplish together." Gorbachev stood, tipped his glass to Bush and said, "This is our first agreement."





GORBOMANIA

For more than an hour ahead of Gorbachev's arrival, crowds lined the sidewalks around Times Square as if it were New Year's Eve. Traffic was held up on side streets for at least 15 minutes wherever the motorcade sped by; as Lower Manhattan became clogged, the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel had to be closed.

I'll Take Manhattan

How to do New York in a day, in a 45-car caravan



The Gorbachevs came to Manhattan. Charles and Di with substance and multiple warheads. They gave their regards to Broadway and Bloomingdale's and proved that all it takes to keep traffic moving in New York is the near imposition of martial law: 6,600 of the city's finest, plus the peacekeeping forces of the U.N., the FBI, the FAA, the KGB, the Secret Service and the Coast Guard. Like tourists in for the holidays, the Soviet Union's First Couple took in all the right places, both high (the World Trade Center's 107th-floor observation deck) and low (Times Square's movie district).

Style wars. Despite the warming trends in U.S.-Soviet relations, Nancy and Raisa would be at home in the frozen-food section of a supermarket. At lunch in the Sutton Place townhouse of U.N. Secretary-General Javier Pérez de Cuellar, Mrs. Reagan interrupted Mrs. Gorbachev's lecture on the need for the two nations to become more open with one another. "Haven't we? Haven't we?" she cut in. Amid the shop-till-you-drop types, Barbara Bush was the only guest wearing the kind of suit a grandchild could spill apple juice on with impunity. She

raised the room temperature 30° by engaging in the kind of small talk that keeps international incidents from breaking out ("How do you say *cheese* in Russian?").

First things first. Mrs. Gorbachev squeezed in a pilgrimage to the Fifth Avenue headquarters of Estee Lauder, which hopes to open a Moscow shop soon, and left smelling as if she had run a gauntlet of aggressive salesclerks on the first floor of Macy's. The empress-dowager of cosmetics first splashed Raisa with White Linen, then doused her with Beautiful, despite the protest "I have too much on already."

Gorby the sequel. One-upping his walk on the wild side of Washington's Con-

necticut Avenue last year, Gorbachev twice leaped from his ZIL limo in front of Bloomingdale's, and earlier on the Great White Way in sight of the Times Square display screen alternating WELCOME GENERAL SECRETARY GORBACHEV with an ad for *My Stepmother Is an Alien*.

How'm I doin'? Raisa Gorbachev may be one of the few people left on the planet who think Mayor Ed Koch is doing fine—probably because she doesn't speak English. Koch once called her government the pits and more recently wondered why, if the Soviet President is such a nice guy, he needs 6,000 cops to guard him. After the U.N. reception, Koch recounted Raisa's observation to him that he was so different from those lazy mayors back home who "always complain when they're given extra work to do."

Nyet this time. Donald Trump, who had

taken to describing the quasi-summit as a Gorbachev visit to the Trumps with a stop at the U.N., squeezed in, was scratched from the schedule before the Soviet General Secretary ever came to town. But the developer's hopes revived when he heard that Gorbachev was in front of Trump Tower. He raced down from his 26th-floor office, but the man waiting on the street turned out to be a Gorby impersonator who had won a look-alike contest. Trump shook hands and posed for a picture anyway.

—By Margaret Carlson
Reported by Martha Smiglis/
New York



Breaking the ice at lunch: "How do you say cheese in Russian?"



A Warsaw Pact tank on maneuvers in Poland: closer to, but far from, a stable balance in Europe

Crunching Gorbachev's Numbers

His plans for reducing Soviet forces will still leave NATO at a disadvantage



"This can be the most significant thing that's happened to Western security in NATO history," declared retired General Andrew Goodpaster, a former supreme commander of NATO. Echoed David Abshire, a former U.S. Ambassador to the Alliance: "It's a bold, masterful move, among the most consequential in NATO's 40-year history." As NATO's foreign ministers convened in Brussels, the Secretary-General of the West's 16-nation military pact was far more subdued but still upbeat. "It's an encouraging development which we welcome," said West Germany's Manfred Wörner.

The praise was directed at Mikhail Gorbachev's promise to reduce, by 1991, Soviet troops and conventional armaments along the "central front" that divides West Germany and the East bloc nations. Western strategists have nervously watched that historic invasion corridor for four decades, knowing it is where a Soviet assault might come. "Gorbachev offers not just words but deeds," contended John Steinbruner, director of foreign policy studies at Washington's Brookings Institution. "It is now even harder to portray the Soviets as striving for the capability for a quick thrust into Europe."

But other Western military experts

who took a hard look at the numbers Gorbachev ticked off in his sweeping U.N. speech were less impressed. "What counts isn't what he's taking out; assuming he does, but what remains," observed former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, the skeptical architect of the Reagan Administration's \$2.4 trillion defense buildup. Soviet superiority in conventional forces in Eastern Europe is so great, claimed Jimmy Carter's Defense Secretary Harold Brown, that the cuts will not significantly reduce their advantage. Said Brown: "If war were to break out today, I would not have very much confidence that NATO could hold conventionally for more than a couple of weeks."

Despite the divergent assessments, military strategists agreed on two major points: 1) Gorbachev's reductions will bring the NATO and Warsaw Pact deployments in the collision-point region closer to, but still far from, a stable balance, and 2) the Soviet retrenchment will not diminish the Kremlin's ability to retain its military grip on its East bloc neighbors.

The military impact of the Gorbachev initiative will depend on precisely how the force reductions and withdrawals are carried out. Here is what Gorbachev promised to achieve in the next two years and what the numbers might mean:

The Soviets will withdraw 5,000 tanks from East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Hungary and another 5,000 from the European portion of the U.S.S.R.

This is the most impressive of the cutbacks, since it includes roughly half the Soviet tanks based in the three satellite nations (Poland, conspicuously, was not mentioned). "No matter how you slice it, Gorbachev can't make these tank cuts in these areas without seriously affecting their offensive capability," said Anthony Cordesman, a Washington-based military analyst. While the Soviets and their Warsaw Pact allies still would have some 41,500 battle tanks between the Ural Mountains and the forward NATO positions, their advantage would be reduced from a 2.3-to-1 to a 1.9-to-1 ratio. That is still a solid edge, yet the assumption of the West is that it must prepare for only a defensive war. Traditionally, military experts assert that an attacking force must have at least triple the strength of the defending force to be confident of victory.

Skeptics note that the Soviets could merely eliminate their aging T-54 and T-55 tanks, retaining their more modern T-80s, T-72s and T-64s, and that the old armor would not be missed. This argument is a switch. U.S. Army analysts have long insisted on counting older tanks in any attempt to achieve East-West parity.

Six Soviet tank divisions will be withdrawn from the same three East bloc countries and then disbanded.

Sixteen such divisions are based outside the Soviet Union in Eastern Europe, so the elimination of six would be significant. An additional twelve tank divisions are maintained by other Warsaw Pact nations. NATO has about 14 divisions, including two from the U.S. A NATO division has more manpower (16,600 vs. 12,000) and tanks (348 vs. 328). The East would retain an edge in armored divisions: 22 vs. 14.

Soviet troops in the three countries will be reduced by 50,000.

Gorbachev's figures do not quite add up, since manpower in the divisions he intends to demobilize appears to exceed 50,000. There are an estimated 585,000 Soviet troops in the three nations, so shrinkage would be only 8.5%. These reductions would have little impact on combat effectiveness or the Soviet army's intimidating effect on the occupied nations.

From the same area, as well as from the European part of the U.S.S.R., 800 combat aircraft and 8,500 artillery systems will be withdrawn.

While the Warsaw Pact would maintain a solid numerical advantage in combat planes (8,250 vs. 3,977 for NATO), the West's fighters and assault aircraft are considered better at providing support for ground

tention, but the Warsaw nations, by NATO estimates, have a 2,550-to-454 edge in these river-spanning devices. Conceded a NATO official: "This certainly helps stability by reducing the chances of a bolt-from-the-blue attack."

The Soviets will reduce their total military manpower by 500,000.

While the figure sounds impressive, it could be the least significant of the reductions. The highest Western estimate places the Soviet armed-forces personnel at 5.2 million. This includes perhaps 1.5 million noncombatants. If Gorbachev demobilized only the peripheral personnel, his troops would lose little in fighting efficiency.

Sheer numbers do not measure such intangible factors as morale, combat readiness, training and leadership—in all of which experts generally give NATO an edge. On the other hand, geography lends the Soviets a huge advantage. Whatever personnel and armaments Gorbachev withdraws from Europe could readily be returned in a time of crisis. Weinberger even contended that demobilization of Soviet troops is easily reversible.



far more substantial force reductions than he announced.

To avoid the "bean-counting" disputes over troop numbers that have stalled conventional cuts for years, the NATO ministers agreed to seek more verifiable limits on the fire-power of both sides. In tanks, for example, they proposed a cap of 20,000, which would require a Warsaw Pact drawdown of 31,500 and a NATO retirement of only 2,000. Within these totals, NATO asked for sublimits for each nation: the Soviets could retain no more than 12,000 tanks of the 37,000 they now deploy in the region.

Gorbachev's one-way diplomatic strike will have implications beyond conventional forces. It will make it much more difficult for the U.S. to persuade its NATO allies to modernize the short-range Lance missile, which can hurl battlefield nuclear warheads about 80 miles. American planners would like to extend the range to the 300 miles permitted under the recent intermediate nuclear-forces treaty. But West Germans, in particular, are already worried about the abundance of tactical nukes in their midst.

The Soviet moves will undoubtedly add to the U.S. domestic pressure to hold down America's

NATO vs. WARSAW PACT IN THE CENTRAL FRONT



troops. The Soviet pullback of roughly 10% of the Warsaw Pact's European-theater aircraft, while not large, would signal a shift toward a defensive stance. The cut in artillery would be a hefty 20% slash in existing Warsaw Pact firepower along the central front. But the total cut is less significant: the Soviet bloc could still field some 34,900 artillery pieces, mortars and rocket launchers against NATO's 14,458.

Assault landing troops and crossing units will be withdrawn from Soviet forces in the three East bloc countries.

While this promise cites no numbers, it could turn out to be a critical component of Gorbachev's claim to be moving toward a defensive deployment. Such mundane items as assault bridges mounted on armored vehicles get little public at-

tention: "In the Soviet Union you can turn a soldier into a peasant and back again in rapid order, without public opinion, parliament or editorial back talk."

One point about the Soviet leader's unilateral decision is not in dispute: he blitzed NATO's military diplomacy. The Western alliance, burdened by time-consuming consultation between its members, labored for two years to stake out a negotiating position for the Conventional Security Talks between the East and West, expected to begin next spring in Vienna. "There's the danger that in one stroke Gorbachev can derail the alliance's arms-control planning," warned Abshire. Indeed, as the NATO ministers met in Brussels last week, they did not want to play Scrooge by shunning the Gorbachev Christmas present. However, they wanted

military spending. Demands to recall some of the 320,000 U.S. troops in Europe may grow. Even as he may have softened the NATO alliance, Gorbachev also looked toward China with a soothing pledge to pull back an unspecified but "major portion" of his troops from Mongolia.

The savvy Soviet leader may only have been offering to yield what economic circumstances and a dwindling pool of draft-age youths would have led him to do anyway, but he did it with flair in a media-bathed forum. As the West's defense planners scrambled to respond to his initiative, the Kremlin's boss appeared to have scored a visionary diplomatic victory in a most unusual way: by withdrawing.

—By Ed Magnuson.
Reported by Christopher Redman/Brussels and Bruce van Voorst/Washington

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

A Full-Dress Finale

Endit—30—put it on the spike. A journalistic tradition probably played its last Thursday night, the world allowing. The East Room presidential phantasmagoric press performance, sometimes called a press conference, went out soft-shoe and sotto voce with Ronald Reagan's retreat up the red carpet in the White House foyer. The U.P.I.'s Helen Thomas thanked him for No. 48, a miserly indulgence over eight years. Then she wished him a Merry Christmas and he was gone, muttering, "I heard Sarah [McCormick] over there, and I should have called on her." It is safe to say that Reagan probably heard and thought the same thing after most of his press conferences. So will George Bush. Sarah started with Franklin Roosevelt in 1944, and shows no sign of fatigue.

Reagan has rarely been more genial, confident of what he was saying and uninformative than in this half-hour, which nudged aside 30 minutes of Bill Cosby on NBC, an intrusion safe only for a retiring politician. Reagan never liked the press conference, but he learned to use it. Bush most likely will go to smaller groups, more frequent encounters on subjects of the day—precisely what panels of journalists have recommended in order to get away from *Gong Show* news.

Reagan spent two full hours getting ready for the finale. Up in his private quarters, he sipped warm ginger ale to clear his throat, calm a stomach upset from the night before. "Remember," cautioned Nancy, "this is your last one." Reagan



Waving farewell to an institution he never liked but learned to use

better than his 100 questioners. Still clinging to the theory that Nancy's favorite color would attract his eye, five wore red dresses and 31 wore red neckties.

Except for a couple of hitches on the deficit and Nicaragua, the world that Reagan described is going like gangbusters his way, particularly the Soviet Union. After the New York City spectacle the day before with Mikhail Gorbachev, reporters did not argue. "I just wasn't up for it," grumped ABC's Sam Donaldson.

"Even after eight years I have to start every answer by correcting their questions," said Reagan, watching the commentary after the conference. "I was going to threaten to come back next week," he chuckled, then added, "I guess I'd better get back upstairs with my roommate." Aide Ken Duberstein suggested he tell Nancy he might have a return engagement. Said the President: "I'd have to room with one of you tonight if I did that." Endit—30—put it on the spike. ■

Fresh Faces

There aren't many in Bush's emerging Cabinet

The executive team that President-elect George Bush is assembling is starting to look like the cast of a movie, *Return of the Republican Retreads*. Despite Bush's pledge to name a diverse Cabinet of "fresh faces" in which women and minorities would be strongly represented, his selections so far have come from a narrow field. Of the 15 Cabinet officers and senior officials he had chosen through last week, twelve were either holdovers from the Reagan Administration or people who served under Gerald Ford.

What one aide, echoing the President-elect's characteristic phrase, calls the "balance thing" has bedeviled Bush for a fort-

night. Last week he addressed it by including two men with no previous Cabinet experience and a woman among five appointments.

- Attorney Carla Hills, 54, a former Secretary of Housing and Urban Development under President Ford and a tough negotiator, was named U.S. Trade Representative.
- Robert Mosbacher, 61, a cautious Texas oilman and longtime Bush friend and political fund raiser, was tapped as Secretary of Commerce.
- Economist Michael Boskin, 43, of Stanford University, who proposed Bush's "flexible freeze" approach to cutting the federal budget deficit, was picked to chair the Council of Economic Advisers.
- William Webster, 64, the current CIA director, will remain in his post. But he will



Carla Hills

lose the Cabinet status he had under Reagan, reflecting Bush's view that the agency should concentrate on providing information rather than influencing policy.

► Thomas Pickering, 57, a career diplomat who most recently served as Ambassador to Israel, will be United Nations Ambassador.

With last week's appointments, Bush had one woman and one minority—holdover Education Secretary Lauro Cavazos, a Hispanic—in his top management team. Bush promises to do more to broaden the mix. His talent scouts have mounted a national drive to recruit more minorities and females for sub-Cabinet and lower-level positions. Vows the President-elect: "Stay tuned. We're only about halfway through." ■

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A Marine's Mysterious Death

Why was a lance corporal left behind in the desert?

Aug. 30, 1988. The searing Mojave Desert. About 2,400 U.S. Marines conduct night maneuvers near the Twentynine Palms Base in California. Among them is Jason Rother, a 19-year-old lance corporal shipped in from North Carolina's Camp Lejeune for a special training exercise. While most of the Marines directing convoys are posted around the desert in pairs, Rother, inexplicably, is sent out to guide troop movements without an assigned buddy.

Sept. 1. Almost two days after Rother went into the desert, he is reported missing. The Marine Corps launches a 1,758-man search, complete with helicopters and jeeps equipped with infrared thermal imaging devices, to track him down. The searchers find Rother's helmet, flak jacket and backpack. They also discover an arrow, laid out on the ground with stones and pointing southeast, that Rother may have constructed to indicate the direction in which he was traveling. But after three days, the search party fails to find him. A month later, a second Marine-led search party has no more success in locating the missing Leatherneck.



Proud Leatherneck: Jason Rother in his dress uniform

Despite the 120° heat, he almost made it back

Dec. 4 More than three months after Rother's disappearance, a third search party, composed of 130 civilian and Marine volunteers organized by the San Bernardino sheriff's office, comes across the corporal's M-16 rifle, camouflage

clothes and ID card. Not far away, they soon discover dry human bones, presumably those of Rother, scattered across the desert floor. Struggling for survival in daytime temperatures that reached 120° F., the doughty Marine may have made his way almost back to the base in Twentynine Palms. The remains are found only a heart-breaking two miles away.

In the wake of the accident, Rother's company commander and platoon leader have been relieved of their commands. Three more of the lance corporal's superiors face courts-martial for dereliction of duty and other charges. Perhaps the proceedings will answer some of the unsettling questions surrounding the case. Why wasn't Rother assigned a partner during the nocturnal exercises? Why did almost two days pass before Rother was reported missing? Was the required after-actions roll call performed promptly? How could Rother's fellow Marines possibly have left him behind? "Accountability for your Marines," says corps spokesman Lieut. Colonel Fred Peck, "is something that's drummed into you from Day One." In the case of the Rother tragedy, it may not have been drummed in quite hard enough.

—By Jacob V. Lamer.
Reported by Karen Bates/Los Angeles and Jay Peterzell/Washington

Grapevine



Rice in faster times

BAY STATE BRAWL? Never mind whether Michael Dukakis will make a second try for the presidency: the real question is whether he will run in 1990 for Governor. At least that's the attitude of some Bay State Democrats who lust for the statehouse yet are too loyal—or too weak—to take on the Duke. One of them, former state attorney general Francis Bellotti, recently called to try to smoke out Dukakis, who remained noncommittal. It is getting late to catch up with potential candidates like Boston Mayor Raymond Flynn,

who might challenge Dukakis, and Congressman Joe Kennedy, who might run if the Duke bows out.

FOUR MORE YEARS? DAMN! It is not easy to earn the contempt of most of a town in only five days—particularly while spending heavily at local establishments. But the scores of arrogant reporters who swarmed into Kennebunkport, Me., with George Bush for Thanksgiving did the job. Selectman Joe Finn was being interviewed for network TV

in his home, with grandchildren watching, when a crew member yelled, "Keep those kids quiet!" Says Finn: "They'd better learn some manners before they come back."

GRAPES OF WRATH. At long last one of Cesar Chavez's grape boycotts is bearing fruit. The 61-year-old leader of the United Farm Workers fasted for 36 days last summer to dramatize his contention that pesticides used on the grapes harm both pickers and consumers. Now Boston has banned table grapes from city-run kitchens, and 139 New York City supermarkets have agreed to pull them from the shelves. But Chavez is too ill to capitalize on such victories. He was hospitalized last month with a broken arm. Since he resumed eating last August, he has also been tormented by kidney stones.

NO MONKEY BUSINESS. Donna Rice, Gary Hart's femme fatale, seems to have fallen in with a slow crowd. Since last February, she has been living at the McLean, Va., home of Mary Doremus and working as a volunteer for Challenge, which Doremus founded to help people in crisis. Three months ago, Doremus did call on Rice's talents as a party girl. But this time, no monkey business: Donna merely helped organize a bash for Renaissance Women, a network of conservative females (Oliver North's wife, Betsy, was the party's Southern coordinator). At the party, Rice donned overalls and false teeth to perform a hillbilly clog dance.



Will viewers soar—or swear—when they see *Steel Cloud*?

LOS ANGELES

Monumental Folly

In its search for a monument to rival New York's Statue of Liberty and St. Louis' Gateway Arch, the city of Los Angeles last week came up with something so bizarre that visitors may never forget it. After surveying about 150 entries, including a giant bird, a gargantuan baseball glove and a towering fountain of water, the selection committee settled on *Steel Cloud*, designed by New York architects Hani Rashid

and Lise Anne Couture. When the first stage is completed in 1992, the \$33 million glass-and-steel structure will rise up to twelve stories above the Hollywood Freeway in downtown Los Angeles and will be linked by bridges to the city's ethnic neighborhoods. Passersby will peer at 140-ft-high aquariums and view scenes from Hollywood films projected on large silver screens.

Committee chairman Nick Patsaouras brushed aside skepticism and promised that the structure would be "uplifting, giving one the feeling of soaring to the heavens." ■

NEW JERSEY

Teamster Shuffle

After its leaders were found guilty of racketeering, murder threats and extortion four years ago, Local 660 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters earned a dubious distinction: it became the first union local to be taken over by

the Federal Government. Last week the local, based in Union City, N.J., held its first open and contested elections in more than 20 years.

The new local president: Danny Sciarra, 56, whose brother, former local president Michael Sciarra, was barred from the leadership because of his ties to Mob boss Anthony (Tony Pro) Provenzano. The new vice president: Mark

THE NAVY

Failure to Communicate

After the downing of Iran Air Flight 655 by the cruiser U.S.S. *Vincennes* last July, a Pentagon investigation concluded that combat stress caused the ship's crew to mistake the civilian jetliner, carrying 290 passengers, for an Iranian fighter jet. Last week a panel of experts convened by the International Civil Aviation Organization reached a different verdict: the tragedy could have been averted if the American warship had been better prepared to communicate with commercial aircraft over the Persian Gulf.

The ICAO report stated that the *Vincennes* had no radio equipment capable of monitoring the channels used by civilian aircraft talking to the control tower at nearby Bandar Abbas. If it had, its crew could have heard Flight 655 get

course and altitude instructions placing it near the ship. When the *Vincennes* became alarmed, it and the U.S.S. *Sides* sent seven vaguely worded warnings on an emergency military frequency that the airliner could not receive. They also sent four challenges on a civilian distress channel, but they were not specifically directed at any particular aircraft. Finally, the *Sides* sent a twelfth message that the plane's crew could not have mistaken as meant for anyone else—if they had been listening to the emergency channel. Just 40 seconds later, the *Vincennes* opened fire. ■



Discovery on the pad

SPACE

The \$6 Million Stumble

It was one small misstep for a technician and an expensive setback for the next mission of the space shuttle *Discovery*. Last week a hapless worker, whose name has been withheld to protect him from humiliation, tripped on the tail of his lab coat and piled into the exhaust nozzle of a space rocket that is to ferry an important communications satellite into orbit next February. The accident caused a crack in the heat-resistant carbon nozzle that was too serious to be fixed with a simple patch, and NASA will have to replace the entire first stage of the expensive rocket. Total cost: about \$6 million. ■

NEW YORK

Rent Me Shelter

Here's the latest holiday idea from New York, the city with the big heart: charging rent for beds in shelters for the homeless. Last week Mayor Edward I. Koch proposed that homeless persons who either have jobs or receive some kinds of welfare checks pay up to 30% of their income for a cot in one of the 24 city shelters. If the program gets under way at the beginning of next year, 2,400 of New York's estimated 10,000

shelter dwellers would be affected. Those with no income could continue to live in the shelters without charge. Said Hizzoner: "There is nothing

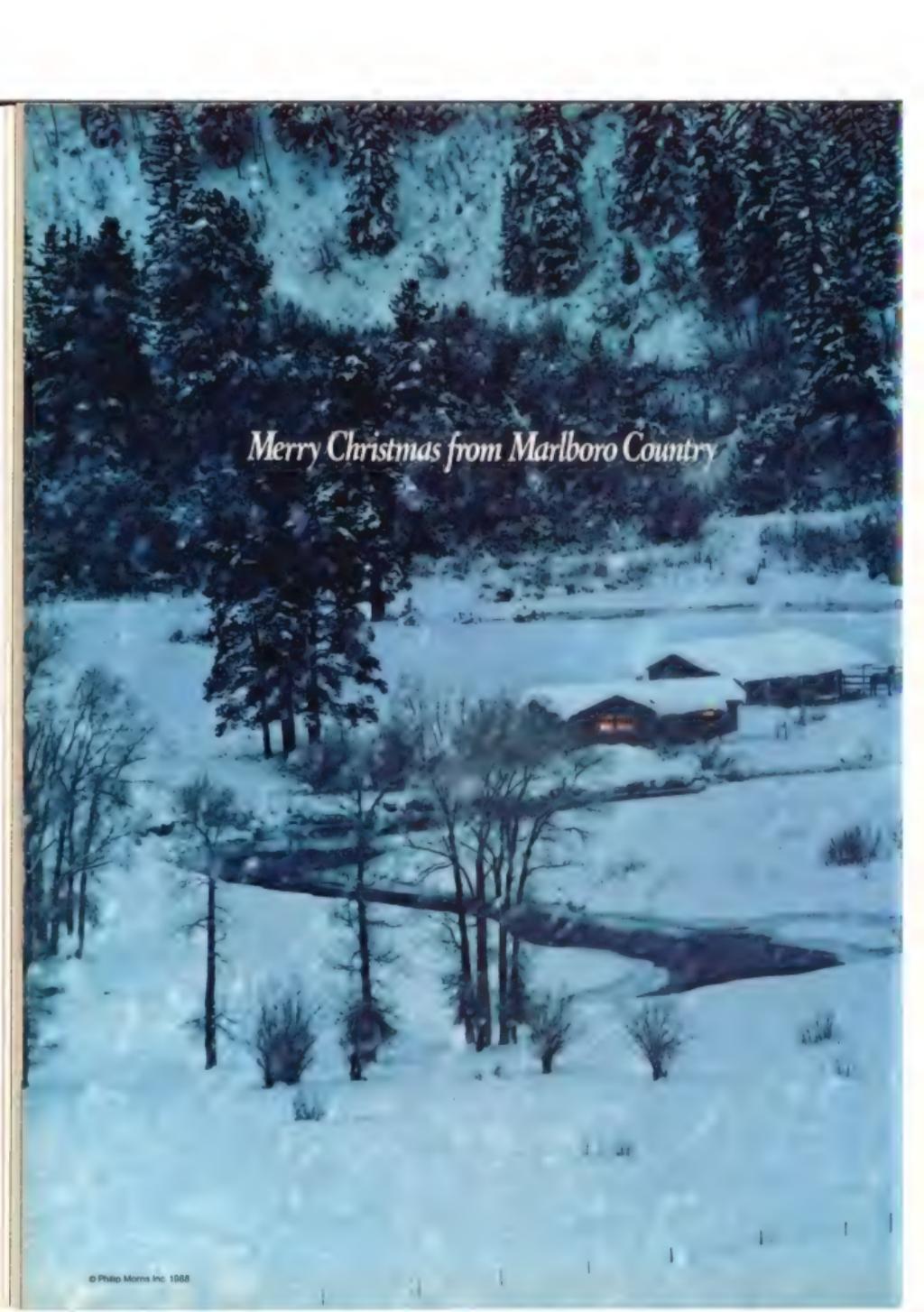
free in this world." Replied Robert Hayes of the National Coalition for the Homeless: "His callousness is exceeded only by his timing." ■



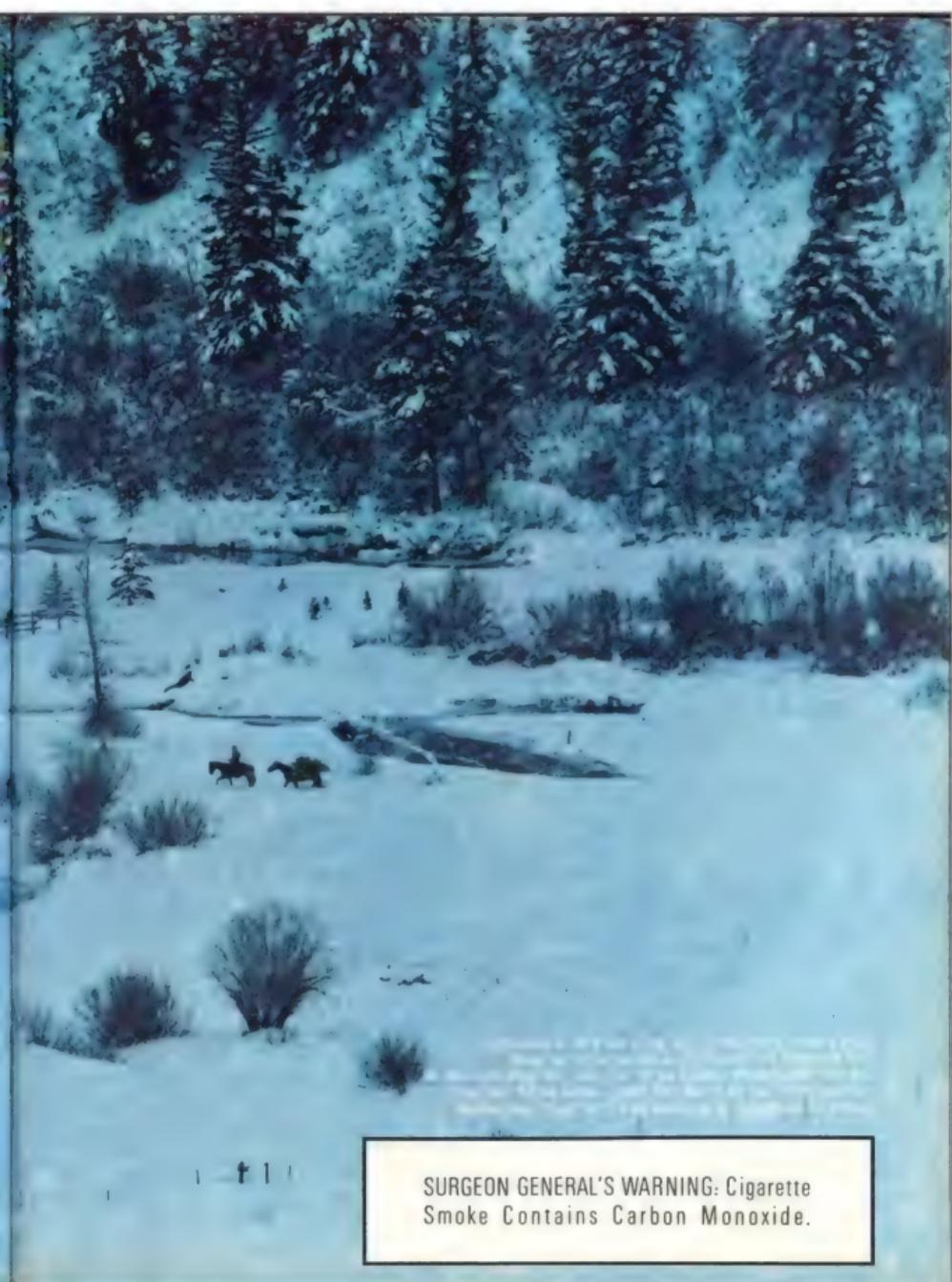
This Manhattan shelter may become a high-rent district



A special time, a special place...

A watercolor-style illustration of a snowy landscape. In the background, a small cabin with a dark roof and a lit window sits nestled among snow-covered evergreen trees. In the foreground, a dark horse-drawn sleigh is pulled by a team of horses, moving across a snow-covered field. Bare trees stand in the middle ground, and a dense forest of evergreens covers the hillside in the background.

Merry Christmas from Marlboro Country



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



After concrete and stone snapped like brittle twigs, rescue workers dig for victims in the rubble of a collapsed building in Leninakan

SOVIET UNION

When the Earth Shook

A killer quake devastates Armenia, and the West responds with unprecedented aid

In the central square of Leninakan, the hands on the clock tower stood frozen at 11:41 a.m., as if to record for posterity that terrifying moment when the city of 290,000 was, without warning, shaken violently by a rumble from the earth. Concrete and stone snapped like brittle twigs; hospitals and schools crashed down on patients and children, and workers were entombed in factories. Within minutes the city was split apart like an accordion. Forty-five miles to the north, the town of Spitak, population 30,000, was virtually "erased from the face of the earth," in the words

of a Soviet television commentator. Said a local news-agency editor: "Ninety-nine percent of the population is gone."

The earthquake that shattered much of the Soviet Republic of Armenia last week brought a horrified world images, via unprecedented Soviet TV coverage, of trapped victims in twisted piles of smoking rubble and of as many as 400,000 bewildered people left homeless, many of them wandering in shock through buildings crumpled like paper. As the hours went by, the death toll climbed: 10,000, then 30,000, then, on Saturday, the first official estimate of 40,000 to 45,000. But

the numbers continued to rise. The only sign of hope amid this swath of misery was the outpouring of aid to the Soviet Union that began flooding in from around the world.

The shock wave, which registered 6.9 on the Richter scale, spread far beyond the battered towns and villages of Armenia. When the temblor struck, Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev was spending his first night in New York City. During lunch later that day with Ronald Reagan and George Bush, Gorbachev mentioned the earthquake briefly, noting that the damage was thought



An end-of-the-world scene: homeless survivors in the devastated city huddle around a bonfire as they await evacuation

to be "very serious in some places." Some time after that, news of the growing toll reached him. Just after midnight, a visibly shaken Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze summoned the press to the Soviet U.N. mission on Manhattan's East 67th Street and announced that Gorbachev would go home later that day to direct the recovery effort.

Gorbachev's sudden departure, a day earlier than planned, meant the canceling of many arrangements: a sight-seeing tour of Manhattan for Gorbachev and wife Raisa, and then visits to Cuba and Britain. "I have to be there," Gorbachev said simply in a farewell speech at Kennedy International Airport. Arriving in Moscow on Friday morning, he flew on to Leninakan on Saturday, which had been declared a day of national mourning.

Gorbachev's mission was more than humanitarian: it was a major test of the internal reforms known as *perestroika*. He knows that out of the despair of Armenia's disaster he must find a way to regain the political trust of a people who over the past ten months have become estranged from Moscow and embittered toward Gorbachev because of his rejection of their nationalist aspirations.

The outside world responded almost as quickly as Gorbachev did to the devastation. Medical supplies, rescue equipment and trained search teams from

France, West Germany, Britain, Switzerland, Bulgaria and Poland were flown into the Soviet Union, and more aid was offered by countries from Latin America to the Far East. Perhaps the most striking symbol of change was the Kremlin's formal request for American help. Washington responded immediately with offers of medicine and medical equipment, doctors and trained rescue teams, the first time

that large-scale U.S. assistance had been given to the Soviet Union since the end of World War II. Over the weekend the first U.S. cargo plane arrived in Yerevan, carrying rescue experts and sniffer dogs. On Sunday tragedy struck again: a Soviet military transport plane carrying soldiers to help rescue victims crashed at the airport in Leninakan, killing 79 people.

At the same time, private U.S. groups, many of them organized by Armenian Americans, were amassing money, clothing and other supplies under the auspices of the American Red Cross. In Glendale, Calif., home to many of the state's 300,000 Armenians, a relief group quickly collected \$7 million in pledges. In Cambridge, Mass., sister city to Yerevan, a disaster relief fund was launched to send medical supplies to Armenia. This outpouring of aid from Americans helped underscore Gorbachev's words when he told the U.N. General Assembly last week that "our common goal" can only be reached through cooperation.

The earthquake was the latest catastrophe for the Armenians, an ancient people who through the ages have been massacred, conquered and divided. Their home is a region of mountain ranges and fertile valleys, roughly the size of Maryland, lying in what the Russian poet Mikhail Lermontov called the "high Caucasian maze." Of the republic's 3.5 million people, 90% are Armenian.

The quake's epicenter was 25 miles



The Gorbachevs comfort a distraught victim

But the mission was not just humanitarian.

World

northeast of Leninakan, the republic's second largest city. Rumbling through a fault only twelve miles below the surface, the quake toppled all buildings higher than two stories within a radius of 30 miles, an area with a population of about 700,000. Armenian towns and cities such as Kirovakan, Stepanavan, and Leninakan were largely destroyed. Even Yerevan, 65 miles from the epicenter, suffered damage. The earthquake came in a minute-long tremor, followed four minutes later by a sharp aftershock, measuring 5.8 on the Richter scale. The timing could not have been worse: at midmorning, public buildings were full of people.

At Elementary School No. 9 on Leninakan's Gorky Street, "the earthquake killed children on the spot during their classes," said a correspondent for *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the Communist youth newspaper. Police Sergeant Valeri Gumeynyok and his men pulled 50 children's bodies from the wreckage of the building. The paper described an end-of-the-world scene of people huddled around bonfires, and roads out of the city clogged with fleeing residents. As workers tried to clear away fallen masonry, "you could hear the terrible cries of people waiting for help," wrote a reporter for *Pravda*, the Communist Party newspaper. In devastated Spitak, a correspondent for *Sotsialisticheskaya Industriya* said, rescue workers heard a small girl trapped under a pile of rubble cry for her mother and ask for water. They lowered a pipe for her to drink through, but were unable to free her.

Rescue workers put out a frantic call



Spitak was virtually erased from the earth

for heavy equipment to help in the search for people who might be trapped. But Soviet Prime Minister Nikolai Ryzhkov, in charge of the rescue effort, admitted, "There is a shortage of equipment." The need was critical. "Every hour of delay means another 20 dead out of every thousand buried," said Soviet Health Minister Yevgeni Chazov. Doctors from several sister republics were rushed into the region to minister to 19,000 injured people, nearly a third of them crowding hospitals in Yerevan and neighboring towns. Their efforts were hindered by a desperate lack of antibiotics, disposable syringes and blood supplies. About 6,500

Soviet soldiers were dispatched to aid in the rescue. By Saturday, 1,500 survivors had been pulled from the ruins, but untold thousands remained buried beneath the rubble.

Among the victims of the earthquake, it is believed, were some of the more than 100,000 Armenian refugees who in the past three weeks fled across the border from neighboring Azerbaijan. For ten months the two republics have been locked in a bloody dispute over Armenia's territorial claim to Nagorno-Karabakh, a predominantly Armenian enclave in Azerbaijan. The turmoil has revived the historic blood feud between Armenians, who are largely Christian, and Azerbaijanis, who are mainly Muslim. Violence between the two sides has claimed at least 60 lives and forced Gorbachev to send thousands of troops into the area to restore order. The Soviet leader has firmly rebuffed the territorial claim, and his hurried departure for home prompted speculation that he feared that the effects of the quake, if not dealt with promptly and sensitively, could inflame the situation and lead to further upheaval. In fact, shortly after Soviet troops left the Azerbaijani capital of Baku for the earthquake zone, an Armenian spokesman reported that rioters in the city had set fire to Armenian houses. The government newspaper *Izvestia* urged people to "first be human beings, and then Russians, Armenians or Azerbaijanis."

This ethnic clash has become Gorbachev's most explosive domestic issue because other restive Soviet republics, from Estonia on the Baltic to Georgia in the Caucasus, are watching how he deals with the fiercely nationalistic Armenians. The



TV gives unprecedented coverage to the tragedy

The only sign of hope amid the swath of misery was the outpouring of international aid for the Armenian victims of the disaster.



The injured from the quake zone arrive by helicopter in Yerevan

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Armenians are likely to have taken note of the emotion in his voice at Kennedy Airport when he spoke of the urgency of helping victims of the earthquake. This tragedy thus gives Gorbachev an opportunity to present himself as a caring leader who seeks to heal rather than divide.

Gorbachev's other major domestic problem will be coping with the cost of the earthquake, likely to rise to the tens of billions of rubles. The long restoration of the quake-stricken region will drain money from an economy already reeling from a series of setbacks. The cleanup costs for the 1986 Chernobyl nuclear disaster swallowed 8 billion rubles, about \$12.8 billion. This year the Soviet budget is already expected to run a 36-billion-ruble deficit. The government has also suffered falling revenues from declining international oil prices and from its campaign to crack down on vodka consumption. Now the country faces a sizable loss of income from Armenia, important for its manufacture of technical and electronic equipment.

In terms of the death toll, the temblor was among the century's worst. In terms of the magnitude of the shock, though, it was a good deal less severe: the quake that hit Mexico City in 1985, for example, was a considerably more destructive 8.1 seismic shock, yet fewer than 10,000 people died. Experts laid much of the blame for last week's shocking toll on the shoddy construction of the buildings in Armenia's cities and towns. According to Brian Tucker, acting state geologist of California who has visited Armenia, many buildings in the region are made of 8-in.-thick concrete slabs held together by metal hooks and mortar. Poorer Armenians, he says, tend to live in "very fragile, very deadly houses" made of unreinforced mud and rock. Yet geologists have long known that the region affected by the quake is interlaced with small faults in the earth's crust and has been shaken by dozens of serious tremors this century. "Where were the seismologists, the architects and the construction workers that drafted and built the houses that fell apart like matchboxes?" *Komsomolskaya Pravda* asked. Many new nine-story prefabricated panel buildings, *Pravda* noted, simply collapsed into heaps of rubble that became "common graves for many."

But this was not the time for recriminations, as the Soviets, aided by an outpouring of worldwide concern, sought to shoulder the burden of their great tragedy. It was bitter irony that a leader who had just traveled half a world to talk of peace should return to a land that was, in the words of a *Komsomolskaya Pravda* correspondent, "like coming into a war, a cruel and modern one." —By David Brand

Reported by Ann Blackman/Moscow

Hanging It Out in Public

Papandreu's peccadilloes may bring his downfall

These days the life of recuperating Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu, 69, is more Hollywood soap opera than Greek tragedy. His countrymen are regaled almost daily with tattle about his highly public love affair with Olympic Airways flight attendant Dimitra Liani, 34, and contentious divorce from American wife Margaret, 64, after 37 years of marriage. Liani, not Margaret, tended his bedside during recent surgery.

Much of Europe joined in the snickering last week after Papandreu flaunted



Flaunting his young ladylove

Now Europe has joined the snickering.

his ample young mistress at a European Community summit meeting for which he was host on the Greek island of Rhodes. Photos of the enraptured and grandfatherly Prime Minister with a miniskirted Liani were splashed from London to Istanbul, where the Turkish daily *Hürriyet* called Papandreu an "international laughingstock."

The romantic indiscretion is just one of the recent and largely self-inflicted wounds sustained by Papandreu. A leftist who has dominated Greek politics with a mix of shrewdness and populist passion since taking office in 1981, he may have blown his chance of winning another term when elections are held by next

June. Most politically explosive is the so-called Koskotas affair, Greece's biggest postwar banking scandal, which broke in October, just as Papandreu was returning to work after open-heart surgery. It has threatened to implicate two high-ranking government officials and has rocked his ruling Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK).

George Koskotas, 34, former chairman of the Bank of Crete and close associate of high-level PASOK officials, is accused of misusing more than \$209 million in bank funds. A key question is how Koskotas, not long ago a middle-ranking bank employee, succeeded in building an empire that comprised the bank, five magazines, three newspapers, a radio station and a popular soccer football team. The public also wonders how Koskotas managed to flee Greece while he was under around-the-clock surveillance by an antiterrorist squad. Greeks blame the government for botching the investigation. For his part, Koskotas, who is awaiting extradition from the U.S., has threatened to reveal more high-level wrongdoing. He vows, "I am going to throw them in a frying pan."

Support for PASOK, which won 46% of the vote in the 1985 national election, has plunged to 20% in Athens, half the popularity base of New Democracy, the rightist opposition party. Predicts Gerassimos Arsenis, a former PASOK economic minister: "This is the end of Papandreu. The recent scandals have finally helped to demythicize him."

New Democracy leader Constantine Mitsotakis is confident he will emerge as the next Prime Minister. Unlike Papandreu, who came to power promising to pull out of the European Community and NATO as well as to remove U.S. military bases from Greece, Mitsotakis leans toward the West. "This is going to be the worst situation any Greek Prime Minister has inherited since the end of World War II," says Mitsotakis, noting that his most difficult problem will be to "restore the economy, which is in total disarray." Most observers, though, feel that Greece is fed up with overbearing political parties and personalities on both right and left, and may be headed for what is being called the "Italianization" of Greek politics, a period of coalition governments.

Whoever becomes Prime Minister, Papandreu's era is winding down in an atmosphere of disillusionment. These carpers have already cost him the respect of his countrymen and the credibility of his government.



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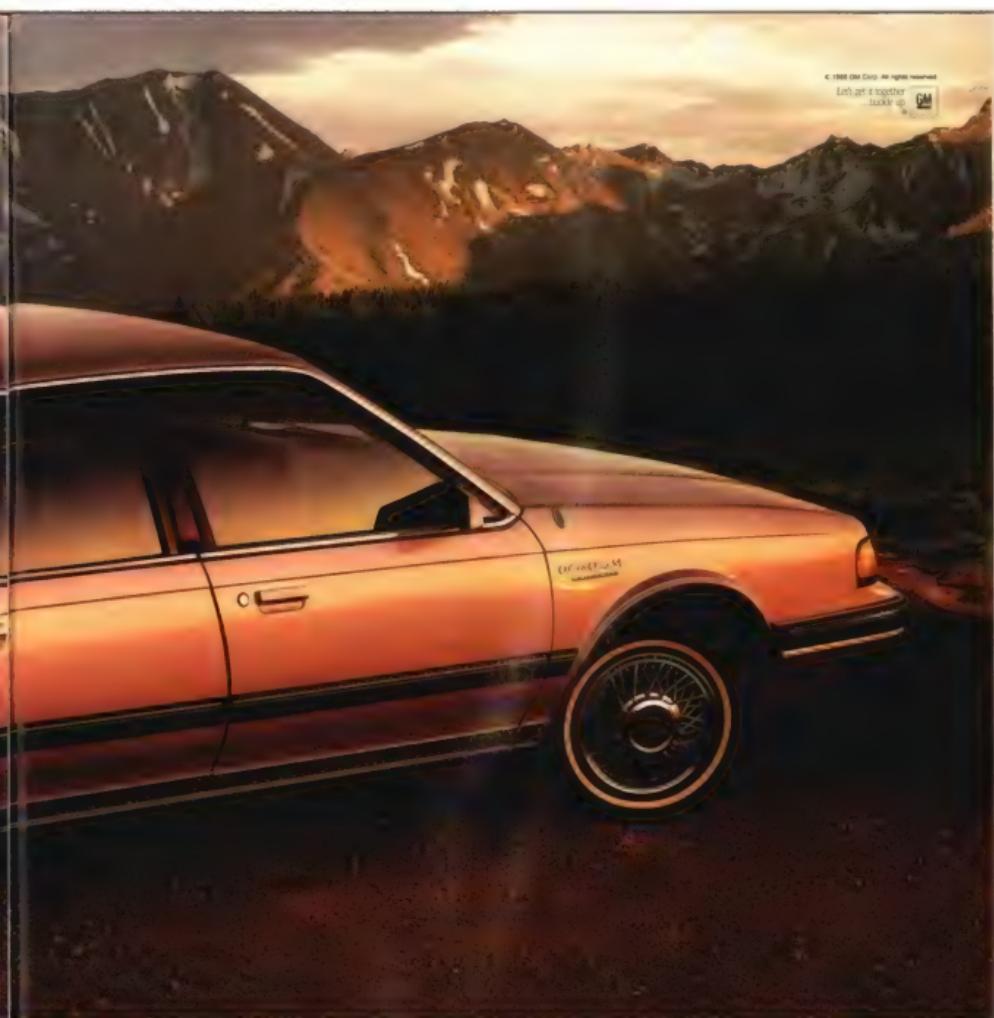
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SRI LANKA

On the Island of Fear and Death

As elections approach, the tide of blood surges

The shopkeeper cowers behind his counter, paralyzed by indecision and fear. Sri Lanka's presidential campaign is at its height, but in the southern town of Ambalangoda the streets are nearly deserted, save for police and army troops on patrol. Under orders to open the shops of Ambalangoda, the uniformed men move up and down the streets, using the butts of their automatic rifles to knock the locks off the shuttered storefronts. The shopkeeper would gladly comply, but that could cost him his life. A general strike has been ordered by the People's Liberation Front (J.V.P.), Sinhalese extremists who do not hesitate to signal their displeasure with bullets. "People are afraid of the army and even more afraid of the J.V.P.," whispers the terrified shopkeeper. "I am in the middle. I can't think: I can't even speak. I am so afraid." A moment later, he tells his visitor, "Please don't mention my name, or this shop. I'll be a dead man if you do."

In the northern city of Jaffna, 300 miles away, Jayamani Mariyanayagam ricochets between grief and anxiety as she recounts the fate of her son Jude Chandrakumar. Three weeks ago, the 16-year-old boy was practicing *You Are My Rock, O Jesus* on the organ in St. Mary's Cathedral when a street battle between two militant Tamil factions spilled through the doors and into the sanctuary. Mistaking young Chandrakumar for a wounded rival, guerrillas grabbed him. The boy's body was found that night outside the church, his legs broken, his fingernails missing, his head half blown away. "No mother should ever have to face the tragedy of seeing her son like that," Jayamani sobs. The tears turn to a hiss. "Somehow, I must go away. I am so afraid to live here."

Violence is not new to Sri Lanka, torn by civil conflict since 1983. In the past 16 months some 4,000 civilians and combatants have died in the violence. Over the past few weeks, however, the tide of blood has risen. The toll in the south has mounted to at least a dozen



In the south, deadly punishment for followers of the J.V.P.

lives daily. With the presidential vote set for next week, the country and its 16 million people are on the verge of anarchy. The ethnic and factional strife having unleashed a savagery evocative of El Salvador in the early 1980s. Many Sri Lankans stake the last hope for their island country on a democratic transfer of power that will end the protracted eleven-year rule of President Junius Jayewardene. That faith, a narrow one, rests on the prospect that a new administration in the capital city of Colombo may slow the insurgents' momentum. But "even if all the guns are

put away," warns Education Minister Ranil Wickremasinghe, "this country will never be the same again."

When civil war erupted five years ago, the lines of discord were drawn between the separatist Tamils of the north and the majority Sinhalese, who dominate the south. But that precise if gory equation was complicated 16 months ago by the signing of a peace accord between India and Sri Lanka that guaranteed the Tamils a measure of autonomy. Since then, 70,000 Indian troops have been deployed throughout Sri Lanka's north and east to enforce the peace.

The effort has weakened, if not declared, the main rebel outfit, the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam. But the Indian army has been brutal in its attempt to ferret out Tiger collaborators, and has been joined in the zealous quest by another trigger-happy Tamil faction, the Eelam People's Revolutionary Liberation Front (E.P.R.L.F.). In the south, Sinhalese rebels who oppose the peace accord and the presence of Indian troops on Sri Lankan soil have mounted a vicious campaign that is being countered by the Sri Lankan security forces and bands of vigilantes in league with the government.

It is against this bloody backdrop that Sri Lanka is trying to stage its first presidential vote since 1982, to be followed possibly in February by the first parliamentary elections in more than a decade. Skeptics warn that the Sinhalese or Tamil militants will try to keep voters from the polls. Even if the turnout is large, the new President may regret his victory. "I wonder if we aren't going to see a real bloodbath after elections," says a Western diplomat in Colombo. Hoping to avoid such carnage, both the ruling United National Party and the main opposition party, the Sri Lanka Freedom Party, have tried to woo the Sinhalese rebels.

But the rebels remain unimpressed. Their demands for participation include a renunciation of last year's peace pact with New Delhi and the immediate and unconditional removal of all Indian troops. The campaign of Sinhalese nationalism strikes a sympathetic chord in the south, where ancient suspicions of India run deep. The guerrillas' Marxist message also holds appeal in an area where unemployment runs



Government soldiers riding an armored personnel carrier in Galle
"Somehow, I must go away. I am so afraid to live here."

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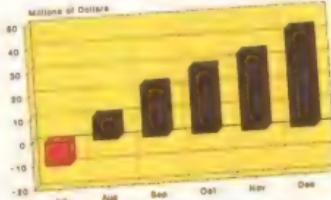
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high. Up to 60% of the young people in some areas support the J.V.P. The price of disloyalty is steep. Since the rebels renewed their violent campaign in the summer of 1987, after a dormancy of 16 years, they have killed 600 people. In the village of Thihagoda, a woman and her son, rumored to be government sympathizers, were found murdered, their heads grotesquely battered by fatal hammer blows.

Such savagery has made a mockery of the presidential campaign. At some ruling-party rallies, security officers outnumber the crowds, with as few as 25 people turning out to hear the speeches. The opposition party is not even campaigning in the south. For most citizens, the more pressing reality is the guerrillas' general strike, which has caused electrical blackouts and halted most bus and train traffic. In the ports, trade has slowed to the point where food shortages are becoming a problem.

Local strongmen, backed by government security forces, are beginning to take matters into their own hands. Dead bodies have begun to appear in the streets bearing signs that read THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO SO-CALLED REVOLUTION-

ARIES. Not all the killings are traceable, but at least some have been carried out by local potentates. A plantation owner told TIME that he had reached an agreement with the security forces to mount his own counterterrorism campaign. In little more than a week, his men killed 25 members of the J.V.P. "We eliminated the worst of the buggers," he boasted.

Northerners are also under siege, caught in the cross fire of Tamil gangs. The undisciplined E.P.R.L.F., armed and assisted by Indian troops, tortures and kills any civilians it suspects of sympa-

thizing with the rival Tigers. "These boys panic or get angry at the slightest provocation and pull the trigger," says a cart driver in Nallur.

Far from curbing the indiscriminate violence, the patrolling Indian soldiers sometimes add to it. After every attack on the peacekeeping troops—and there have been 40 published incidents in the past three months around Jaffna alone—surrounding areas are cordoned off and large numbers of civilians hauled in for brutal interrogation.

Caught between the insurgent and counterinsurgent campaigns, terrified citizens can hardly remember the gentle ways that characterized Sri Lanka for decades. "Today I am afraid to smile at anyone on the street," says Vallipuram Pararajasingham, a doctor in northern Vavuniya. In the south, people are too frightened even to venture into the streets. "You find television newscasters afraid to work, lawyers afraid to attend bar meetings, and M.P.s who resign after threats," says Wickremasinghe. "Everyone is living in a psychosis of fear."

—By All Smiles.

Reported by Edward W. Desmond/
Matara and Anita Pratap/Jaffna



In the north, armed E.P.R.L.F. fighters pose before going on patrol

Grapevine

WHOSE COUP? Was Panama strongman Manuel Antonio Noriega behind the latest army mutiny in Argentina? Farfetched as it may sound, that is what U.S. Administration officials claim. The rebellion was spearheaded by Colonel Mohammed Ali Seineldin, once Argentina's defense attaché in Panama and recently an adviser to the Panamanian army. Officials say Noriega itched to punish Argentina's President Raul Alfonsin for engineering his expulsion from a Latin American regional economic group. So Noriega encouraged Seineldin to stage the coup, then provided funding.

SO CLOSE AND YET... When the Soviet and Chinese Foreign Ministers met in Moscow two weeks ago, Eduard Shevardnadze startled his guest with a bold proposal: let Deng Xiaoping and Mikhail Gorbachev use the occasion of next year's planned summit to sign a document formally restoring relations between the two nations' Communist Parties. No dice, said China's Wu Xueqian. The hitch? Japanese and American jitters about a reprise of the 1950s Soviet-dominated bond between the two Communist giants.

KNOCK IT OFF, YOU GUYS. Moscow once applauded Cuba's surrogate troublemaking in Africa, but no more. Now the Kremlin is keen to see an Angola-Namibia accord signed. For the past six months, So-

viet officials have quietly been cajoling Fidel Castro to agree to bring home the 50,000 Cuban mercenaries in Angola, the last obstacle to a settlement. If the Cubans don't move soon, Moscow has even threatened, the Soviets will tighten the purse strings on their \$5 billion annual aid to Cuba.

SWOON AT THE TOP. Peripatetic François Mitterrand took one trip too many the day he invited British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher to a tête-à-tête at Mont-St.-Michel. After tucking into a substantial lunch, Mitterrand escorted

Thatcher up 350 steps to the famous abbey overlooking the Normandy island. At the top of the stairs, Mitterrand, 72, abruptly disappeared. Aides claimed he was taking urgent calls from Paris. In fact, Mitterrand was so exhausted by the climb, he needed to rest while doctors checked him out.



Peaked: Mitterrand and Thatcher

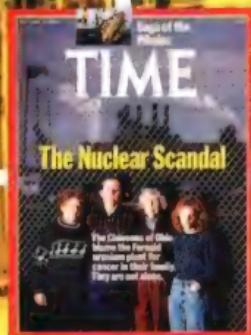
IF THIS IS TUESDAY... It must be Oman, the 25th country to enjoy a visit from U.S. Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci this year. Carlucci has bested the annual pace set by his globe-trotting predecessor, Caspar Weinberger, and is challenging Cap's overall away-from-home percentage: of Carlucci's 378 days in office, he has spent 97 abroad. Disgruntled aides attribute at least some of the wanderlust to Carlucci's wife Marcia, who likes to travel and usually accompanies her husband.

security



RADIATION

cancer



deceit





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justify poisoning the land?

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TIME
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MIDDLE EAST

Arafat Says Yes (Maybe)*The P.L.O. puts on a charm offensive*

Is Yasser Arafat picking up some new tricks from Mikhail Gorbachev? In his own version of a charm offensive, the chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization held an unlikely and surprisingly cozy meeting in Stockholm with five prominent American Jews—and appeared more agreeable than ever. The question as he heads toward a major performance before a specially convened U.N. General Assembly session in Geneva this week: Is it for real?

With the Swedish government acting as a go-between, the U.S. group traveled to the Scandinavian capital to seek clarification of the resolutions adopted in Algiers last month by the P.L.O.'s parliament, the Palestine National Council (P.N.C.). Those statements were widely regarded as a positive but still ambiguous step forward. Arafat responded by endorsing yet another four-point statement, this one hammered out with the Jewish leaders. It stated clearly that the P.L.O. agreed to negotiations on the basis of U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338, "accepted the existence of Israel," rejected terrorism and called for a solution to the Palestinian refugee problem. Once again the cagey P.L.O. leader seemed to be conceding to the long-standing demands of the U.S. for participation in Middle East peace talks.

At least, so thought the American free-lance diplomats, all members of the



All smiles: Arafat with Hauser during talks in Stockholm
Taking a positive but still ambiguous step forward.

Israel-based International Center for Peace in the Middle East, whose international chairman is former Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban. "Our effort was intended to clarify the ambiguities," said Rita Hauser, a member of the Jewish delegation and a New York lawyer active in the Republican Party. "I believe we have done that." Swedish Foreign Minister Sten Andersson called the meeting "a breakthrough in the peace process."

But was it? In London the British Foreign Office cautiously decided that the Stockholm statement "confirms our earlier view that the P.L.O. are moving forward." Israeli leaders totally dismissed

Arafat's actions. Secretary of State George Shultz said he welcomed the clarification but the P.L.O. still had "a considerable distance to go."

By appearing to meet the terms of his adversaries, Arafat is maneuvering Israel, instead of the P.L.O., into the spoiler's role. Yet a crucial remaining obstacle is Arafat's old habit of surrounding every statement with as much vagueness as he can get away with. To fend off criticism or even assassination by P.L.O. hardliners who reject any moderation, Arafat insists, he must withhold concrete concessions until he sits at a negotiating table. Accordingly, the Stockholm statement accepted the fact of Israel's existence but did not acknowledge Israel's moral "right" to statehood. Arafat also seemed to hedge his renunciation of terrorism by insisting on the right of Palestinians to resist oppression "by any means at their disposal." Finally, Arafat seemed to go out of his way to downgrade

the importance of the Stockholm statement when he failed to sign it and labeled it "nothing new" beyond the P.N.C. declaration in Algiers.

Yet the image that Arafat projected by his willingness to talk with the U.S. Jews was probably more important than any substance that came out of the meeting. The gathering set off fresh debate in the U.S. over how to respond to the P.L.O. gestures. This week in Geneva, Arafat has an ideal opportunity to carry the P.L.O.'s new brand of positive diplomacy a decisive step further and force his adversaries to respond in kind.

—By Scott MacLeod
Reported by James O. Jackson/Stockholm

CANADA

Divided Opinion*The question: What really killed the Screaming Eagles?*

Three years ago, a chartered DC-8 carrying home 248 U.S. soldiers from peacekeeping duty in Egypt crashed on takeoff after refueling in Newfoundland. All 248 died, as did eight crew members. In a long-awaited final report on the disaster, the Canadian Aviation Safety Board last week said, as expected, that the probable cause of the crash was icing: a sandpaper-thin coating on the wings that diminished their ability to lift the aircraft.

But the official report may not be the last word on what brought down the "Screaming Eagles" of the 101st Airborne Division. Four of the board's nine members blame a suspected explosion for the

tragedy and indirectly raise a chilling question: Were the American peacekeepers victims of a terrorist plot?

In their minority report, the dissenters piece together this chain of events: explosions aboard the aircraft ignited an in-flight fire that may have caused system failures and a crash. As evidence, they point to a pathologist's report that found combustion residues in the lungs of more than 70 of the victims, indicating there was a fire in the plane before the final impact killed all the passengers. They cite eyewitness accounts from two truck drivers who saw a yellow glow under the belly of the crippled DC-8 as it plunged to earth. The four also charge that the safety board botched the crash investigation and ignored or suppressed crucial evidence.

The dissenters did not say whether they thought the soldiers' own ammunition had exploded—or some Middle East terrorist group had planted a bomb aboard the DC-8. The official report

counters some of these claims with its own scientific analysis but leaves many questions unanswered. The bitter split on the safety board has raised eyebrows in Ottawa, and two opposition Members of Parliament have called for a judicial inquiry into the tragedy.



Some suspect that explosions caused the crash

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Plan 4:
Cavalier RS wagon

Plan 3:
Celebrity Eurosport

Some of those shapes Especially with those crowds of people who all have the same last name and sizes go particularly well with crowds.

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The trip's never short enough when you're five years old. Unless you're in a Corsica LT. Its front seats are designed to give legs in back more room. Its ample room for passengers means your passengers will be less likely to get cramped



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But most important, as a sport sedan, Corsica LT and LT hatch offer Electronic Fuel Injection, a taut sport suspension and grippy 14" tires. Now, your five-year-old won't know what all that means. Until you get to where you're going long before he's even thought to ask, "Aren't we ever going to get there?"



Plan 2:
**"I'm Off To Run A Few Errands.
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People who think they need four or five different cars often find that one Cavalier sedan is more than enough. Cavalier gets into and out of tight spaces easily. Yet can take four kids home from high school practice. With their gear.

Its trunk will hold the dry cleaning as well as the week's worth of groceries you picked up while waiting for practice to end. And with Cavalier's electronically fuel-injected performance, you can probably even make it home before the ice cream that you bought melts.

Plan 3:
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For big families on long trips, the back seat gets smaller every mile. And noisier. Unless, of course, you're in a Celebrity Eurosport sedan. Eurosport's rear seat is

wonderfully roomy. And since it also has a huge trunk, you won't have to share any of the rear seat with your vacation luggage. Which means your kids will have more room to themselves, and you won't have to decide who sits in back to keep them apart.

Plan 4:
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There would be if you drove a Cavalier wagon. It has the same great attributes as the Cavalier sedan. Except that the trunk now has a window. (That's so the dog can look out.)

Chevrolet's Family Plans At A Glance.

- Fuel-injected, front-drive family vehicles.
- 13 affordable four-door models.
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- New 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty.[®]

See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this new limited warranty.



Corvette

Cavalier Z24 convertible

And some of them just go particularly well.

Like Corvette. Camaro IROC-Z. Cavalier Z24. And Chevy Beretta GT.

They reflect what we've been saying — that what we learn on the track goes into our cars on the street. And we've learned an awful lot on the track.

Performance For The Streets.

Take Camaro IROC-Z, for instance. But take it easy. Camaro's about the best-known name on the streets. Say you've got an IROC-Z, and people take two giant steps backwards. An instinctive — and wise — reaction to the option of

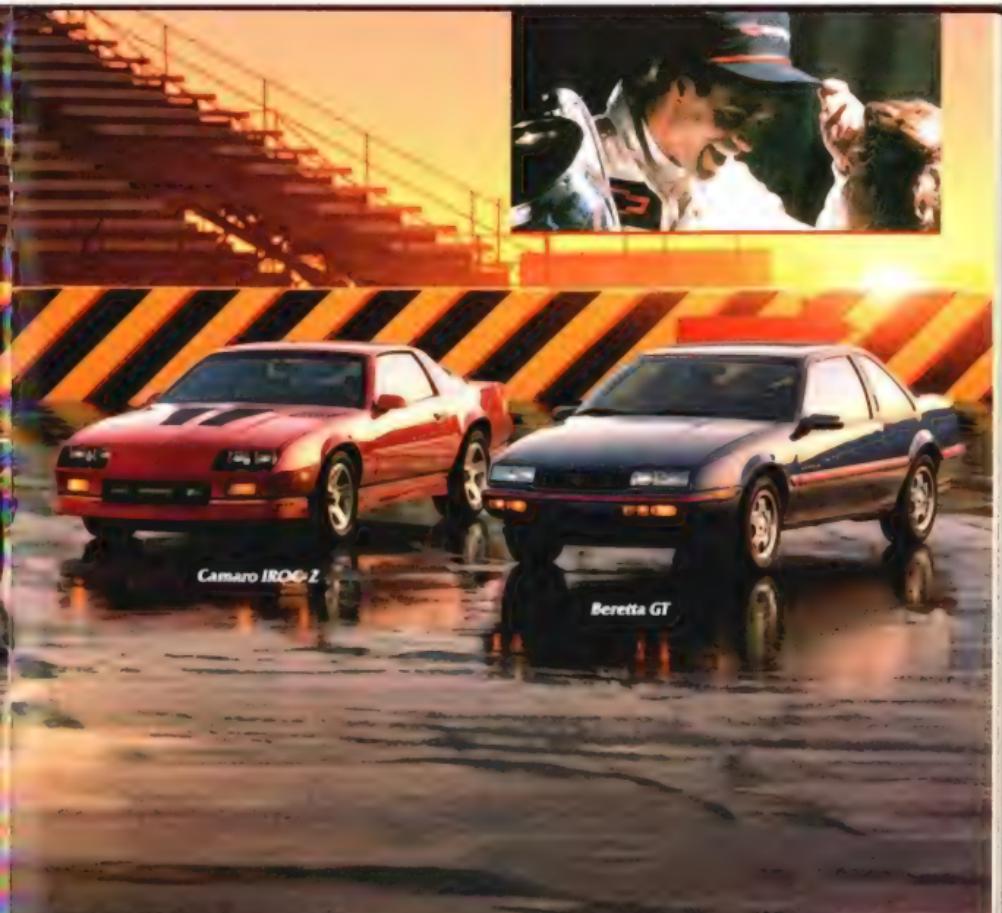
5.7 liters of tuned-port-injected V8 that kick out 240 HP @ 4400 RPM.

Performance For The Roads.

Want something more refined? More like a road car? We've got two. The front-drive



Beretta GT, whose curves are as beautiful as any you'll see on U.S. 1. And with its special sport suspension — including 30-mm front and 19-mm rear stabilizers — those are



exactly the kinds of turns you'll be looking for.

There's the Cavalier Z24. A front-drive, five-passenger sport coupe that consists of sleeked-back ground effects wrapped around a 2.8 Liter, Multi-Port Fuel-Injected V6. (Yes, that's a tuned exhaust you hear.)

Performance For The Zealots.

And then, there's the Corvette. Words that stretch the bounds of truth when applied to some cars are mere understatement for this one. Because when you strap yourself in behind the wheel, turn the key and head out for the open road, Corvette puts the rest of the world right where it belongs: behind you.

So now that you've finished reading this

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Once your pulse drops back below 200.

Quick Facts For Those In A Hurry To Take A Test Drive.

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The new 3-year/50,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Plus Warranty comes at no additional cost and protects your '89 car or light truck for 3 years or 50,000 miles. It covers labor, towing and all parts that fail due to a defect in materials or workmanship. Among those parts covered are: air conditioning system, power door locks, power windows, heater, radiator, cruise control, all instrumentation, muffler and exhaust system, torque converter, timing gears, radio, wiring, power steering. Just to mention a few.

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Chevrolet's new Preferred Equipment Groups[†] can save you money[‡] and time. Simply choose the equipment group with the features you want. And presto. You're on your way.



*See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this new limited warranty. Tires are covered by their manufacturer. A \$100 deductible applies after the first year or 12,000 miles. [†]Some restrictions apply. See your Chevrolet dealer for details. [‡]Savings based on comparisons with various GM vehicle divisions' prices for options purchased separately during 1988 or current model year. Not all options are separately available in 1989 model year.

THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA  TODAY'S CHEVROLETTM

World Notes



Khmer Rouge gambit: playing with the lives of refugees in Thailand

REFUGEES

Pawns in a Deadly Game

Ruthless Khmer Rouge guerrillas impose a harsh life on 60,000 Kampuchean refugees warehoused in four refugee camps in eastern Thailand. The practice of Buddhism is banned, marriages are permitted only with the consent of the Khmer Rouge cadres, and education is restricted to recitation of Communist tracts. But those who are stuck in the Thailand camps are the lucky ones.

Since June, Khmer Rouge fighters have forcibly relocated some 12,000 of the refugees to

makeshift camps just across the border inside Kampuchea, to serve as porters for the guerrillas. These refugees are sitting ducks for Vietnamese artillery fire. In recent weeks hundreds have been killed by shelling and booby traps.

The Khmer Rouge seems to be using the refugees as pawns to seize land in Kampuchea as Vietnamese troops carry out their phased withdrawal from the country, due to be complete by 1990. Last week, responding to international pressure, Thailand promised to boost security around the permanent Khmer Rouge camps to halt the forced relocations and general thuggery. ■

SOUTH AFRICA

Still a Prisoner

As black nationalist leader Nelson Mandela was recovering from tuberculosis in a clinic near Pollsmoor Prison last month, rumors circulated that his 26-year confinement would soon end. Instead of freeing Mandela, however, the South African government last week installed him in a guarded, one-story stucco house on the Verster Prison Farm, 35 miles east of Cape Town.

The spacious, Spanish-style house comes complete with a pool, patio, rose garden and prison-provided meal service. The government obviously hopes to loosen the restraints on Mandela, 70, so

slowly that a final release will seem anticlimactic. Pretoria said it will allow Mandela's family "unlimited access" to the patriarch of the banned African National Congress. Mandela's wife Winnie rejected the offer, saying she "does

not intend to take more than the 40-minute visits allowed in the past until all political prisoners are given the same privileges." As he has since 1962, Nelson Mandela remains a prisoner in a prison, no matter how comfortable. ■



Captive in a gilded cage: Mandela's new quarters in Victor Verster jail

NORTH AFRICA

Death in the Desert

They were on a mission of mercy, but that didn't stop the missiles. Two DC-7s chartered by the U.S. Agency for International Development were flying over a desolate no-man's-land in Mauritania near the Moroccan border when they came under fire. The planes were ferrying insecticide to Morocco to combat the plague of locusts that has ravaged the continent this year.

"All of a sudden, the first airplane was hit," said Sergio Tomassoni, 64, who was riding in the DC-7 trailing behind. "We saw the smoke and a big ball of fire." The aircraft, shorn of its right wing, smashed to the ground, presumably killing all five crew members. A second missile struck Tomassoni's plane, but it limped 250 miles to a safe landing in Morocco.

At weeks end Polisario guerrillas, who have been battling Morocco for ownership of the territory known as the Western Sahara for 13 years, acknowledged that they had mistakenly downed the American plane. They said they would retrieve the bodies and return them to their families. ■

WEST GERMANY

Plunge from The Skies

On a quiet, misty afternoon last week in Remscheid, a working-class town in West Germany's Ruhr district, a U.S. A-10A fighter plane suddenly plummeted out of the low overcast, its twin jets screaming. "It raced over my head at a height of about 15 meters [roughly 50 ft.] and came down like a huge fireball," said Fritz Hesse, who was working on his roof.



Remscheid after the crash

Nearby, Nicholas Robles' apartment went up in flames; the family barely escaped alive.

Not so lucky were the American pilot, who had inexplicably veered off course, and at least five German civilians, who were killed. Some 50 others were injured as the A-10A disintegrated in flames, demolishing four apartment buildings and setting fire to eight others.

The crash was the latest in a series of air mishaps that have brought angry demands from the West German public for an end to low-level training flights. The Cabinet immediately suspended low-flying exercises until the end of the year and asked U.S. and other NATO forces to do the same. U.S. Ambassador Richard Burt, saying he was "shocked and very saddened," announced that the U.S. would comply. ■



The Literacy Gap

To close it—and to open the eyes of millions of workers—U.S. companies are spending hundreds of millions every year as educators of last resort

Anyone who has hired new employees or tried to retrain veteran ones is painfully aware of the problem. As much as a quarter of the American labor force—anywhere from 20 million to 27 million adults—lacks the basic reading, writing and math skills necessary to perform in today's increasingly complex job market. One out of every 4 teenagers drops out of high school, and of those who graduate, one out of every 4 has the equivalent of an eighth-grade education. How will they write, or even read, complicated production memos for robotized assembly lines? How will they be able to fill backlogged service orders? Already the skills deficit has cost businesses and taxpayers \$20 billion in lost wages, profits and productivity. For the first time in American history, employers face a proficiency gap in the work force so great that it threatens the well-being of hundreds of U.S. companies.

More and more American corporations have responded to the literacy crisis by adding school bells to their time clocks. In the past decade, the price tag for remedial employee training in the three R's has reached \$300 million a year. More than half of FORTUNE 500 companies have become educators of last resort. As a result, employees are cracking the books as never before, even during work hours.

At an annual cost of \$750,000, Aetna Life and Casualty teaches 500 employees basic reading, writing and arithmetic

in its gleaming eight-story Institute for Corporate Education in Hartford. Since 1982 the General Motors Truck and Bus Group plant in Flint Township, Mich., has offered its 3,000 workers high school classes and one-on-one tutoring in a cluster of rooms overlooking the shop floor. The center has granted 14 high school diplomas so far.

Taking up where school systems leave off, companies have traveled two different paths in the quest for improved literacy. Smaller firms have tended to rely on local educational resources, such as community colleges and volunteer tutors, to set up programs that will help their workers bridge the skills gap. Getting employees to stick with classes can be difficult, however, since the sessions are frequently held

away from the workplace after hours. Larger companies, which command the resources to hold classes in-house, have sweetened the deal by offering workers time off during the workday to attend. Success in both cases depends on how strongly individual companies support their programs—and how effectively they defuse workers' fears about getting fired for owing up to subpar literacy.

The problem is not just large numbers of people who are insufficiently educated. Never before have the majority of American jobs placed so many demands on employees. To compete effectively, the average American worker today must employ skills at a ninth-to-twelfth-grade level, in contrast to the typical fourth-grade standard during World War II. "It's not that people are becoming less literate," points out Irwin Kirsch, a senior research psychologist working for the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, N.J. "It's that we keep raising the standards."

In the past, an expanding labor pool allowed business to satisfy its growing demands for skilled workers by skimming off the top. But since the baby boom ended in the mid-1960s, the number of 16-to-24-year-olds in the work force has dropped from 22.4 million in 1979 to 20.2 million last year. Most of the growth will be among minorities—the very groups that have been served least well by public school systems. Over the next decade, blacks, Hispanics and Asians

RAISING THE STANDARD

POLAROID

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
1,000 NEW AND VETERAN EMPLOYEES
TAKE COURSES IN
ENGLISH AND MATH
\$700,000

PLANTERS NUTS

SUFFOLK, VA
CLASSES FOR IMPROVING READING
AND WRITING SKILLS
ARE ATTENDED BY 48
\$40,000

UNISYS

MISSION VIEJO, CALIF.
125 WORKERS ARE
TAUGHT TO READ,
WRITE AND SPEAK
ENGLISH
\$150,000

HEWLETT PACKARD

SPOKANE, WASH.
SOME 30 PRODUCTION
SUPERVISORS
LEARN HIGH
SCHOOL MATH.
\$22,000

who may speak English poorly, will make up more than half of all entry-level employees.

U.S. automakers are leading the search for skilled, literate workers. GM devotes more than 15% of the \$170 million it spends yearly on job training to remedial education. In an attempt to match the quality of many foreign manufacturers, Detroit's Big Three carmakers joined the United Auto Workers in 1982 to create a comprehensive education and training program. At Ford Motor Co. alone, more than 8,500 of 106,000 blue-collar workers have since enrolled in basic-skills classes at the company's 50 learning centers in plants nationwide. Says Ford chairman Donald E. Petersen: "The prosperity of our business will depend on our ability to operate more and more like a learning enterprise."

The point is not lost on the rank and file. Jane Conrad, 45, a \$14-an-hour GM press operator, missed out on a supervisor's job because she had not finished high school. So the mother of six enrolled in GM's Flint Township Learning Lab this year. Subjects included a thorough review of fractions, reading comprehension and English literature. Conrad, who received

a high school diploma this past summer, is concerned about the increasing demands of automation at the plant. Says she: "If you don't have the basic training, some of it can be hard to keep up with."

Some unions have been in the education business for decades. In New York City, locals of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees started teaching basic skills to their members in the late 1960s, when a group of nurses' aides without high school degrees asked for help. Today approximately 15% of its 20,000 member-students enroll in fundamental literacy and math courses each year. "The problem was always there," says Katherine Schrier, director of the union's Education Trust Fund. "Business is just now waking up to it."

The shock has been particularly strong in the service industries. At American Express, which expects to fill 75,000 entry-level positions in the next five years, profits depend on good customer relations. Says Amex President Lou Gerstner, whose company spends \$10 million annually to teach its new workers basic English and social skills: "I lie awake at night wondering where I'm going to find well-qualified employees for the future." Even the art of cooking requires more of workers than ever before. Last year Domino's Pizza of Ann Arbor, Mich., discovered that its fledgling bakers had trouble understanding its dough-making manuals. Now it spends \$50,000 on a reading program, heavily seasoned with lessons on cuisine chemistry.

Since 3 out of every 5 new jobs in the economy are created by companies with fewer than 500 employees, small businesses suffer as severely as their corporate brethren. Bill Gregory, who owns Gregory Forest Products Sawmill in Glendale, Ore. (pop. 870), did not know he had a problem on his hands until one of his 400 employees noticed that a forklift operator took

forever to count loads of lumber. A bit of digging disclosed that about 10% of the mill's workers needed help developing proficiency in math and English. So, at a cost of \$15,000, Gregory asked the nearby Umpqua Community College to provide instruction. Says he: "We're spending millions of dollars to modernize the mill. It just didn't make sense to pay for that without providing training for basic skills as well."

Reading, writing and arithmetic, however, are just the beginning. Today's jobs also require greater judgment on the part of workers. Clerks at Hartford's Travelers insurance company no longer just type endless claim forms and pass them along for approval by someone else. Instead they are expected to settle a growing number of minor claims on the spot with a few deft punches of the computer keyboard. Now, says Bob Fenn, director of training at Travelers, "Entry-level clerks have to be capable of using information and making decisions."

On-the-job education has allowed some companies to tap the current wave of immigration—the largest since World War I—for skilled workers. Blue-collar employees at the Orange County, Calif., division of Unisys, for example, speak everything from Korean to Japanese to Spanish. Their productivity improved significantly, Unisys managers say, when the company began offering ten-week courses in reading, writing and speaking English. Classes, which number 15 students at most, meet in the company cafeteria, whose wraparound picture windows look out on the Santa Ana Mountains. "Before I took the class I couldn't stand up and talk in our Thursday staff meetings," says Elvin Adame, 31, who came to Southern California from Mexico City eight years ago. "Now I participate in all the meetings."

Of course, better-skilled workers do not guarantee profits. Economic policy, trade agreements, technology, labor costs all play a role. But progress still depends on people who can communicate effectively, calculate accurately and act conclusively. "You can make the exchange rate anything you want," says American Express's Gerstner. "If you don't have the human capital to equal or exceed your competitors, you will fall behind." The report cards are out, and businesses are going to great lengths to make the grade.

—By Christine Gorman
Reported by Mike Cannell/New York and
D. Blake Holloway/San Francisco



Bitter Standoff in Montreal

Hopes for a GATT agreement fade over farm subsidies

Clayton Yeutter was looking for a strong send-off. The veteran U.S. Trade Representative, whose tenure ends in January, had hoped that last week's trade talks in Montreal would produce significant progress, especially on knotty problems like agricultural subsidies and intellectual property rights. He did not get it. After four days of exhausting round-the-clock negotiations, the talks ended in deadlock on several major issues, forcing a four-month extension of discussions. Said a philosophical Yeutter: "This provides additional opportunities for creative thinking."

The meetings were called as a midterm review of the Uruguay Round of trade negotiations, launched in the beach resort of Punta del Este two years ago. The purpose of the Montreal gathering, held under the auspices of the 1947 General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, to establish guidelines for furthering free trade. Instead, last week's GATT meetings, involving delegates from 103 nations, were dominated by an inconclusive and bitter row between the U.S. and the European Community. The chief issue was an American demand that all nations agree to the total elimination of subsidies to farmers, which the U.S. believes distort international trade.



Yeutter and Agriculture Secretary Richard Lyng
Consulting a thesaurus to try to achieve a breakthrough.

Willy de Clercq, the chief E.C. negotiator, opposed phasing out all agricultural subsidies that give farmers in some countries an advantage over others in world markets. Nine million E.C. farmers, a politically powerful bloc whose livelihood depends on payments that enable E.C. stockpiling of products like beef, wine and milk, would be certain to oppose such a plan. By contrast, many U.S. farmers, who also rely on Government income supports, favor eliminating farm subsidies—if foreign farmers follow suit. Reason: they believe

U.S. agricultural productivity would give them an edge if competition were fair. Searching for a compromise, Yeutter at one point consulted a thesaurus for a synonym of the word eliminate. Replied E.C.

Vice President Frans Andriessen: "I'm interested in substance, not words."

The farm-policy debate overshadowed all other discussions in Montreal. Delegates were able, though, to adopt a framework for continued negotiations in the fast-growing services industries, including banking, investment and communications, which now account for some 30% of all international trade. Yet efforts to protect intellectual-property rights were stymied. The U.S. estimates that pirating and counterfeiting of such goods as tape cassettes and computer software cost American firms more than \$40 billion a year.

After the lackluster Montreal performance, many countries may be tempted to bypass GATT and negotiate more bilateral or regional pacts with only a few trading partners. Still, no one is quite ready to abandon GATT. Says Bill Martin, chief economist of Phillips & Drew, a leading London brokerage firm: "There's not great hope that GATT can achieve much in the way of further trade liberalization. But GATT is a very important bulwark against galloping protectionism." An important bulwark, but an increasingly leaky one.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Gisela Bolte/Montreal and Adam Zagoria/Brussels

Pet-Set Snobbery

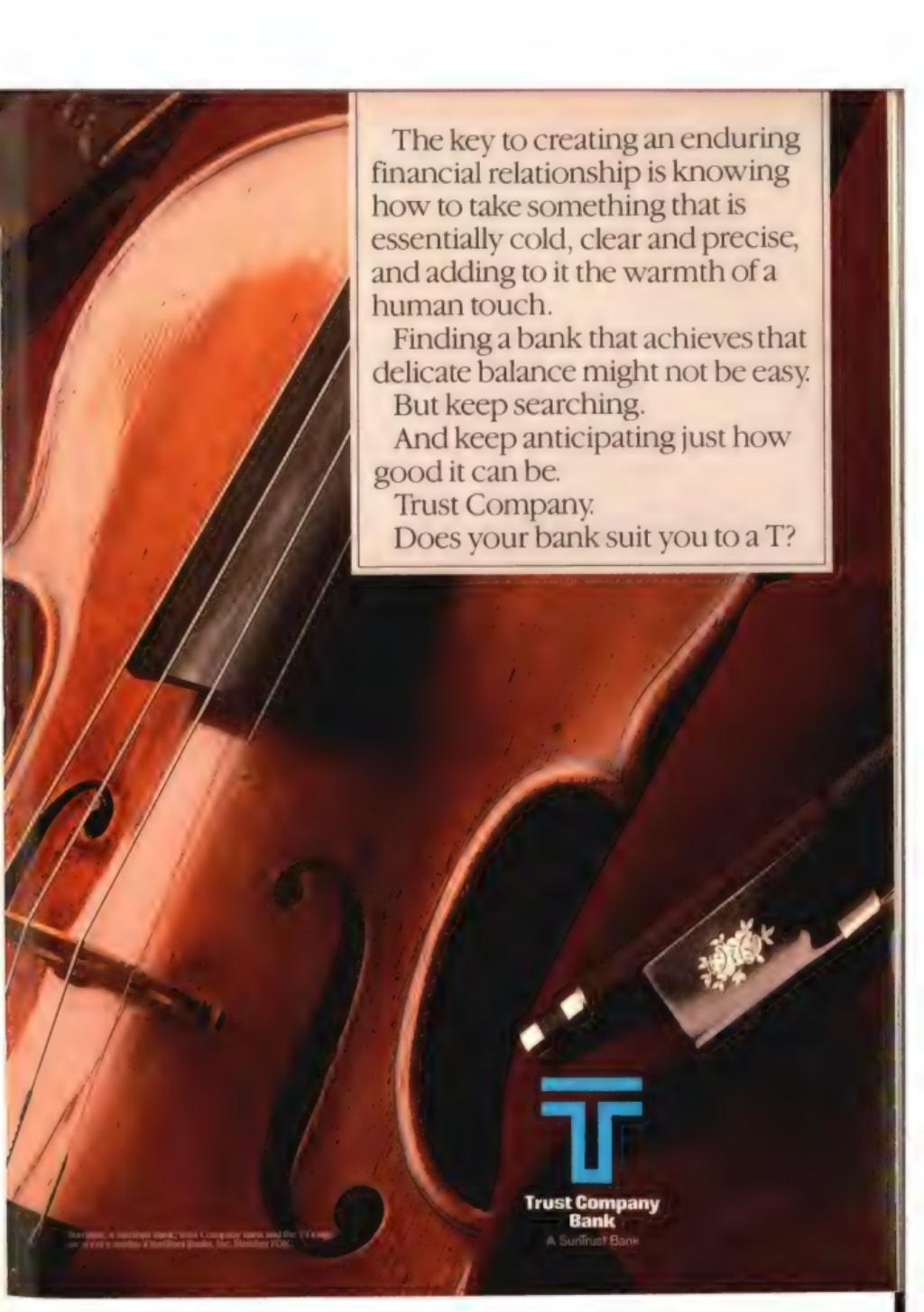


Purrfection: animal researchers measure a kitty's growth

The health-food business is rapidly going to the dogs. Cats too. A growing number of nutrition-minded pet owners have started watching what they feed their furry friends. Worried that Fido has heart trouble? Serve him low-cholesterol biscuits baked by Lick Your Chops of Westport, Conn. Is Kitty overweight? Try a high-fiber, low-fat regimen from Hill's Pet Products of Topeka, Kan. At long last, people who buy fresh pasta and wheat germ no longer have to settle for plain old puppy chow.

Despite the appeal to pet-set snobbery, the premium foods do seem to make a difference. Super dog foods, for example, contain higher-quality protein and less sugar than run-of-the-mill fare. Result: animals that smell good, have shiny coats and do not excitedly jump about. Even the pet-food giants, which control most of the \$6 billion industry, have started toeing the health-food line. Last year Ralston Purina introduced O.N.E., or Optimum Nutrient Effectiveness, for snooty canines. And Quaker Oats has revamped its Cycle products for young, old and overweight dogs.

Though quality comes at a price—30% to 40% more than regular pet foods—proponents of the premium brands argue that the animals do not consume as much because the food is better. Some pet owners, however, suggest that the animals eat less simply because they don't like the stuff.



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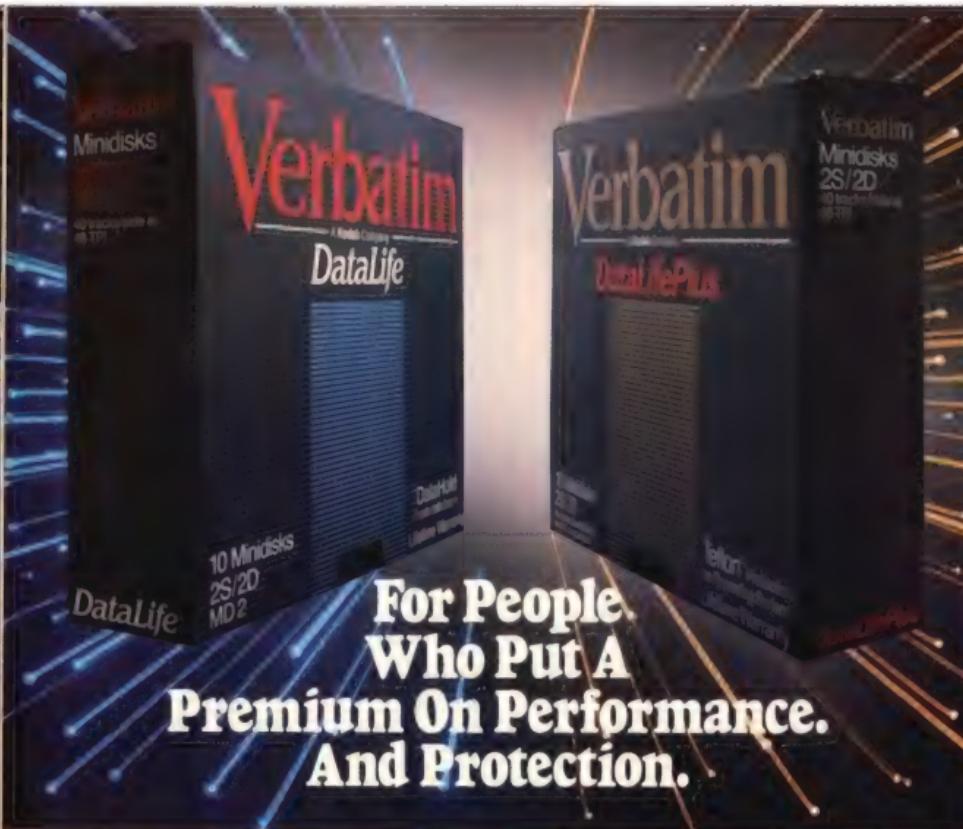


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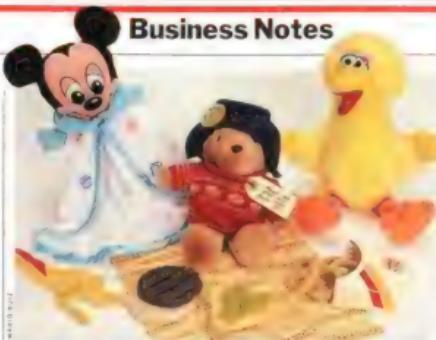
Business Notes

PRODUCTS

A Bad Year For Toys

Last year accidents involving toys killed more than 30 children and injured 131,000 more, an increase of 16% from 1986. With the gift-buying season in full swing, concerned consumer advocates, who say this is the worst year for dangerous toys they can remember, have published lists of potentially hazardous playthings.

The top offenders include toys that break into sharp pieces or contain parts that toddlers can easily choke on. Among them, according to various consumer groups: a Burger King Cheeseburger set made by Multi Toys (the plastic French fries look real and could be swallowed); Spinning Top from Ohio Art (its handle pulls off to expose a sharp met-



Caution: hazardous playthings may be dangerous to children's health

al shaft); and Medical Kit from Blue Box Toys (the plastic instruments break easily).

Toys that catch fire are another worry. Americans for Democratic Action, a Washington watchdog group, tested 18 stuffed animals and found that 13 of them, including Mattel's Baby Mickey Snuggle

Pal, Paddington's 30th Anniversary bear from Eden Toys and Playskool's Big Bird, are flammable, even though they meet existing federal and industry standards. Manufacturers say they have had few complaints and would have to use toxic chemicals to make the toys fully flame-retardant. ■

TELECOMMUNICATIONS

Ma Bell Gets a Call

If there were signs of relief at AT&T, there were whoops of joy at the Kansas City headquarters of U.S. Sprint. Last week the two companies landed the biggest telephone contract in history: to replace the cranky, 25-year-old federal long-distance telephone

system with a modern, fiber-optic system that would be capable of transmitting not only conversations and data but also video images. The deal, which is worth upwards of \$25 billion, was a boon for AT&T. The company recently projected an annual loss for this year of up to \$1.7 billion—it's first in more than 100 years. For struggling Sprint, the contract was a godsend. ■

NUCLEAR POWER

Shoreham's Growing Woes

Beset by safety problems and mismanagement, the Long Island Lighting Co.'s \$5.4 billion Shoreham nuclear plant has been denied permission to operate at full power since it was completed in 1984. Reason: lack of an approved evacuation plan. As community opposition has grown, the facility has been the subject of legal and political wrangling. Last week a federal jury found LILCO and its former president, Wilfred Uhl, guilty of lying to state officials about Shoreham's progress in

1978 and 1984 in order to obtain rate increases to help finance the project. Uhl and LILCO were fined \$22.8 million.

But that is far from the utility's only problem. Six months ago, LILCO made a pact with New York Governor Mario Cuomo to sell Shoreham for \$1 to the state, which would then scrap it. In exchange, LILCO was promised generous rate increases to help recover its investment in the plant. The deal may still go through, but last week's verdict brought LILCO face to face with another threat: a \$2 billion-to-\$4 billion class-action suit on behalf of nearly 1 million customers that could drive it into bankruptcy. ■

ADVERTISING

But Will Lois Lane Buy It?

In the 1930s Maidenform shocked the world by using photos of actual women modeling its bras in national advertisements. For the past year, the company has gone to the opposite extreme: featuring actors Omar Sharif, Michael York and *L.A. Law's* Corbin Bernsen, musing about ladies and lingerie with nary a bra, teddy or pair of panties in sight. Owing in part to the \$10 million campaign, Maidenform's revenues rose 11% this year, to \$200 million.

Early next year the Maidenform men will be joined by a mild-mannered guy whose experience with X-ray vision well qualifies him to discuss unmentionables: Christopher Reeve (*Superman*). Many women surveyed during extensive market research found Reeve "handsome beyond words" and "down to earth." At least, when he was not wearing his cape. ■

WALL STREET

Raider, Raider Go Away

On Wall Street, anti-takeover ploys are becoming as pervasive as red suspenders. Last week four blue-chip companies including Dow Chemical and American Express, unveiled a new financial product that could become a deterrent to corporate raiders. The firms will buy back as much as \$5.6 billion worth of their shares with so-called unbundled stock units: packages that include a bond and two new types of securities. Partly because the new packages will allow the companies to pay less in taxes, investors might bid up the price of the new units. Raiders, Wall Streeters believe, might resist paying such a premium, thus foiling takeover bids.

But the new-age stock could inspire little more than a yawn. Investors may have trouble determining a fair value for the package, which is far more complex than a share of common stock. Says one financier: "This is an instance of financial engineering going too far." ■



From risqué to Reeve: fashions in selling lingerie have changed

People

BY HOWARD G. CHUA-EOAN

Strictly on Background

Only the august presence of **Walter Cronkite** could get all four network anchors to stand humbly in the background. At a gala in his honor last week at the Waldorf-Astoria in Manhattan, Cronkite was toasted by **Tom Brokaw** of NBC, **Peter Jennings** of ABC, **Dan Rather** of CBS and **Bernard Shaw** of CNN. "As long as Walter is here," said Brokaw, "the four of us will be also-rans." Would Cronkite name his favorite anchor? "Oh, I wouldn't do that for the world," he chuckled. He can't, explained a mischievous Jennings, "because we've been putting money in his pocket."



Rather arrived late, leading to the inevitable speculation that he was snubbing his predecessor, with whom he has been rumored to have chilly relations. A CBS spokesman said Rather was worried about a sore throat. Cold weather will do that.



Prince Plays A Pauper

The Arabs may have bought up half of London, but the bur-noosed tot trotting up a city sidewalk last week was no emir. **PRINCE HARRY**, 4, was just one of many shepherds led by his nanny to a kindergarten Nativity play. Not all went well. At rehearsals, one girl's tinsel garland plunged down to her nose. At the performance itself, a shepherdess forgot her line. But Harry saved the day by whispering the words to her—a trick he must have learned from his thespian dad **CHARLES**.

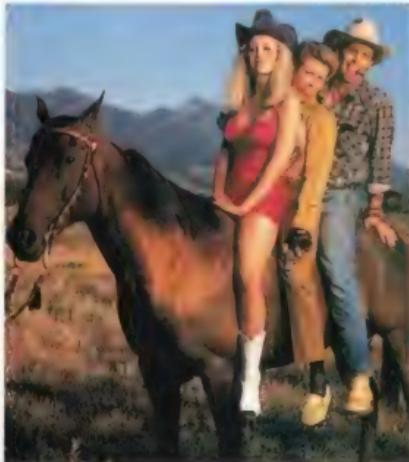
Finally Growing into The Part

She may have been born an impoverished child of the streets, but that does not faze **Sophia Loren**. Nor, for that matter, her hometown of Pozzuoli, near Naples, which has just voted overwhelmingly to erect a statue to its famous and rich native daughter. Nowadays, says Loren, "I only work when I'm really convinced the project is good. If I'm not, I stay home with my two sons." The actress needed little convincing that her latest project was good. In fact, it won her an Oscar 27 years ago. Last week Loren wrapped up work on *Two Women*, a remake for Italian television of the movie that launched her into superstardom. "I made the movie when I was 26. Now I'm more mature and have more experience," says the actress, who reprises her role as a mother leading a teen daughter through the chaos of wartime Italy. And she's finally the right age for the part.



Swinging Adviser

Visitors to the houseboat of Unitarian minister **Robert Fulghum** immediately take to his swings. "It puts them in touch with their childhood." His book of short philosophical pieces, *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*, is doing the same. Originally a credo of simple dos and don'ts composed for friends, it has been No. 2 on best-seller lists for two weeks. Says Fulghum: "My kids can't believe the stuff I say sells." Example: "When you're out in the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands and stick together."



ART BY JEFF KLEIN

They Went Thataway

When you're jewel thieves with hot ice in Mexico, you want the fastest way over the border. Too bad if your horse doesn't feel quite up to it. Equine emul is just one problem facing the characters played by **SALLY KIRKLAND**, **TOM WAITS** and **KEITH CARRADINE** in *Cold Feet*, a black comedy that comes to theaters in April. There is also unrequited love among thieves and violent quarrels over sultan location. And, says Kirkland, "everyone was sure the horse was going to buck us all off his back. It's like a comedic *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*" But with a horse as a lead actor, perhaps the movie should be renamed *The Revenge of Mr. Ed*?



PHOTO BY JEFF KLEIN

His Pants Are Up

What does an old pol do between jobs? For the past month, **Frank Rizzo**, the tough-talking ex-mayor of Philadelphia, has taken to the air with his own radio talk show on that city's WCAU-AM. Though he fields questions from listeners on how the city is being run by his bitter, perennial rival, Mayor **Wilson Goode**, Rizzo is keeping the program clean. "I'm not going to act like some hosts who jump up and down and drop their drawers. I'm gonna be a responsible guy." Rizzo's contract runs till 1990—giving him time to prepare for the 1991 elections.

Where Was George?

Sneaking out to the movies, that's where. First, **George Bush**, with his wife **Barbara** and Dan and **Marilyn Quayle**, surprised Washington moviegoers by popping into the Cineplex Odeon to catch a screening of *My Stepmother Is an Alien*. Scrunching up in tight theater seats, the Bushes munched on buttered popcorn as the Quayles dug into extra-buttered. Two days later, George and Barbara were at it again, this time at the Kennedy Center premiere of *Twins*. How will fellow moviegoers get warning of these spur-of-the-moment forays? Just look for the metal detectors by the ticket gates.



ART BY JEFF KLEIN



The ex-First Lady keeps house: not as many shoes, but plenty of designer dresses and a fur altar cloth

"It's Become a Joke, A Sick, Sick Joke"

The Marcoses' strange Hawaiian exile mixes abundance and denial

One balmy evening on Makiki Heights in the lush tropical hills overlooking Honolulu, Imelda and Ferdinand Marcos sat stiffly side by side in plastic lawn chairs facing a table altar covered with a white fur rug, attending private Sunday Mass. Behind them in the living room, a handful of household members and guests knelt in makeshift pews. Marcos, his neck encased in a thick cervical collar and his head propped forward by his solicitous wife, struggled to recite aloud. "Dear Lord, we pray for a miracle to deliver us from unjust treatment. Dear Lord, protect us from our enemies."

The enemies in the Marcoses' pious lexicon are the adversaries who in 1986 drove them from power in the Philippines, the prosecutors of two countries who are hounding them with multiple investigations and, most of all, the U.S. authorities who have sequestered them in an indefinite

island exile. In their angry view, they were "kidnapped" to Hawaii against their will, then "betrayed" by the Reagan Administration and American friends who had promised them safe haven rather than restricted movement and judicial surveillance. More of what they regard as rampant injustice befell them when a federal-court medical report indicated that Marcos, despite his protestations about failing health, was strong enough to be required to travel to New York City for arraignment. Last week, as if to belie that assessment, Marcos was admitted to Honolulu's St. Francis Medical Center suffering what his doctor called "the acute onset of congestive heart failure."

The Marcoses' strange Hawaiian exile is a paradox of abundance and denial. Their abode is hardly a dungeon, and their life-style not exactly wretched. The \$2.5 million house they rent for \$3,000 monthly from a

onetim retainer is a white stucco showpiece with a pool, gazebo and canopied garden. Funds they claim to have "borrowed" from unidentified friends as well as "donations" from a zealous local Filipino support group are sufficient to pay for a limousine, a dozen servants and aides, and 30-man corps of bodyguards.

In the midst of such baronial comfort, it seems difficult to realize that the deposed President is forbidden by U.S. immigration officials to leave the island of Oahu, that both Marcoses are under indictment in a New York federal court, and that since her arraignment in late October, Imelda must report every other day to a probation officer in Honolulu. "It's become a joke, a sick, sick joke!" she exclaimed with surprising mirth. "Can you imagine? I was First Lady, now I have some bureaucrat as my keeper. Marcos was the President, now they take his fingerprints and mug shot like a common criminal."

Marcos at 71 is an increasingly reclusive near invalid. He has had two kidney transplants (in 1984 and 1985) and complains of

breathing difficulties and eye, knee and back problems. Imelda, however, seems determined at 59 to maintain her reputation as a generalissimo of glamour. She keeps in telephone contact almost daily with her international society circle, including benefactor Doris Duke, who posted the \$5 million bond at her arraignment. She often dines at celebrity restaurants like Sergio's, either with jet-set friends like Cristina Ford or sometimes, in a private dining room, with sympathetic U.S. Congressmen.

Imelda also goes shopping with what a saleswoman at the Liberty House department store calls "amazing" gusto. But her notoriety as a footwear collector has made her understandably wary of shoe purchases. "Shoes!" she said, mimicking her critics. "Frivolity! Marie Antoinette!" In the Philippines I built houses for 30,000 slum



Imelda and Ferdinand at home

dwellers. I planted 80 million trees around Manila ... and they talk only about shoes!"

With her husband ailing, Imelda has taken over their defense. She castigates the government of Corazon Aquino for "chaos" and "Communist gains." Yet she suggests the time is ripe for a "reconciliation" between Marcos and Aquino—a proposal rejected by Manila. "Why is Aquino afraid of someone like Marcos, who is over 70 and ailing?" says Imelda. "Why is she afraid of two little people begging to go home?" —By Jordan Bonifante/
Honolulu

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In ancient iconography, the "kings of hell" were often depicted as local magistrates

An End to Chinese Inscrutability

After years of secrecy, the country's legal code goes public

An American lawyer in Beijing, Timothy Gelatt, met with Chinese officials earlier this month to discuss the taxes on a joint venture involving one of his U.S. clients. As the conversation progressed, an official suddenly produced a document Gelatt had never seen. "I said, 'Oh, what's that?'" he recalls. The document was a ruling directly related to the taxation of joint ventures, but it had never been published openly. To foreign attorneys and many Chinese as well, the incident was typical. Says Gelatt: "We are constantly finding out by accident things that are relevant to what we're doing."

China's pragmatic leaders are taking steps to eliminate such surprises. The government announced last month that a welter of previously restricted "internal" regulations issued by the State Council, China's highest executive body, will henceforth be circulated publicly. "The publication of regulations signed by China's Premier will help people learn exactly what they are being asked to adjust to, follow or enforce," said Huang Shuhai, a deputy director of legislative affairs for the State Council. "Their legal rights and interests will also be made clearer."

The move is an important step in China's campaign to formalize the country's legal code and replace *renzhi*, the rule of men, with *fazhi*, the rule of law. Although the ancient Chinese developed a sophisticated civil service system, the prominence of law waxed and waned with the fortunes of China's Emperors. The Communists tried to install a Soviet-style system after the 1949 revolution, but the fledgling ef-

fort began to unravel during Chairman Mao's "anti-rightist" political campaign in the late 1950s. What little jurisprudence survived was virtually swept away during the tumultuous Cultural Revolution (1966-69), when lawyers were persecuted as members of "the stinking ninth category" and a Red Guard battle cry was "Smash laws into smithereens!"

Since 1978, when Deng Xiaoping came to power, instituting the rule of law has been a critical element in the drive to modernize China. The government has issued a plethora of statutes covering everything from murder to trademark infringement. The legal profession has finally regained its status. Indeed, the number of Chinese lawyers has soared from a scant 2,000 in 1980 to 25,000 today, and some 70 legal publications are in circulation.

Yet, despite guarantees in the country's 1982 constitution that "no organization or individual may enjoy the privilege of being above . . . the law," not even the Communist Party, due process is still applied capriciously. This is particularly vexing to foreign investors who, after being ardently wooed by the Chinese, arrive to discover intransigent bureaucrats and a host of previously undisclosed rules governing everything from wages to repatriation of profits. As once hidden regulations come to light, such snags should become a thing of the past, though the transition to openness may take some time. After all, says Gelatt, "freedom of information is not a hallmark of Chinese society."

—By Laurence Zuckerman

Reported by Jaime A. FlorCruz/Beijing

High Gear

The bike-helmet battle

On Sundays along beautiful Mulholland Drive in Los Angeles, it is not unusual to spot, among the lesser folk and the Hell's Angels, such celebrated motorcycle devotees as Sylvester Stallone, Lorenzo Lamas, Mickey Rourke and Gary Busey. Few wear helmets, since California is one of 28 states that do not require them for adults. Last week fate dealt Busey, 44, a blow that tragically called into question his vocal opposition to mandatory-helmet laws and renewed debate on the issue.

The actor, a 1978 Oscar nominee (*The Buddy Holly Story*), had just got his Harley-Davidson out of a repair shop in Culver City, Calif., and was heading down busy Washington Boulevard, when he failed to negotiate a right turn. He skidded and was thrown from his bike, his head slamming against a sidewalk. After nearly two hours of brain surgery, he was given a guardedly optimistic prognosis.

Busey's accident prompted California legislators to reintroduce a bill requiring all motorcycle riders to wear helmets. Twelve years ago, 47 states had such laws (though not California). Most were passed in response to federal rules cutting U.S. highway funds to states without such provisions. But bike lobbies persuaded Congress in 1976 to erase the financial sanction, and more than half the states revoked or weakened their helmet laws. Over the next three years, motorcycle fatalities leaped more than 40%, according to federal figures.

Many cyclists insist the decision to wear a helmet is a matter of personal freedom. "A motorcyclist should be able to feel the wind through his hair if that's what he wants," says Wayne Thomas of the California Motorcyclists Association. But the price of such freedom can be high not only for the individual cyclist but for society at large. A study of 105 bike-accident victims hospitalized in Seattle during 1985 found that of the \$2.7 million they incurred in medical bills, 63% was paid for out of public funds. Says John Cook of the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety: "This is a social issue. When you have a seriously brain-injured person, all of us pay."



Busey on his Harley

Press

Aiming Beyond White Readers

Gannett weaves minority voices into the news

Well-intentioned newspaper executives have long bemoaned their generally poor record in recruiting minorities. Now they are discovering a compelling reason to hire minority reporters and give more space to minority issues: the bottom line. As the country's growing racial diversity is reflected in newspaper readership studies, news executives are realizing that they must appeal to minority readers or risk losing them.

The Quincy *Patriot Ledger* (circ. 87,000), for example, has hired three Chinese-speaking reporters and a photographer to improve the paper's coverage of the Boston suburb's fast-growing Asian community. But editor William Ketter, who is chairman of the minorities committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, believes newspapers have to go further. They must, he insists, make a "deliberate and conscious effort" to reflect the diversity of their communities in every part of the paper, including graphics and comic strips.

No news organization has embraced this ethic more enthusiastically than Gannett, the nation's largest newspaper chain and publisher of *USA Today*. Credited with one of the industry's best records for hiring and promoting minorities and women at its 88 daily newspapers, Gannett has mounted a campaign to combat



Stories that avoid "insidious stereotyping"

Is it affirmative action or tokenism?

what Charles Overby, the vice president for news, calls "the insidious stereotyping that tends to take place by white male managers."

Known as mainstreaming, the Gannett policy urges editors and reporters to include minorities in stories in which their race, sex or ethnic background are unrelated. For example, quoting a black

professor in a story about Black History Month does not qualify, but citing a black economist in a story about the budget deficit does. "Mainstreaming," explains Overby, "is affirmative action in the news columns."

Gannett editors are encouraged to include photographs of minorities and women on their front pages, and several Gannett papers have compiled handouts for reporters listing minority sources. Each year reporters are evaluated on their performance in a number of different categories, including "news of minorities." The company offers an annual All-American award to the paper that has done the best job of weaving minorities into its pages.

Most Gannett reporters give their bosses high marks for sensitivity, but some are worried that such high-pressure incentives can lead to the worst type of tokenism. "To put a black face on the front page because you haven't had a black face on the front page for three weeks, that's insulting," says *USA Today* reporter Mike McQueen. Others say the push to represent minorities in mainstream stories too often replaces solid minority coverage. "Mainstreaming won't persuade minorities to buy the paper if we don't cover them and their issues," says one reporter.

But Gannett editors stress that mainstreaming should never conflict with sound news judgment. "You don't have to compromise to follow this policy," says *USA Today* editor Peter Prichard. "It's just a question of trying to broaden your vision." With a smaller percentage of white male readers in its future, Gannett has clearly seen the light.

—By Laurence Zuckerman.

Reported by Naushad S. Mehta/New York

Milestones

SEPARATED. Raquel Welch, 48, sex goddess of the '60s and '70s; and André Weinfeld, 41, French director-writer-producer-photographer; after eight years of marriage. Welch cited the strain of a bi-coastal relationship as the reason for the amicable parting.

RESIGNED. Kiichi Miyazawa, 69, as Japan's Finance Minister, a post he held for two years, and as Deputy Prime Minister, in Tokyo. One of the nation's leading politicians, Miyazawa was forced to step down when his involvement in a drawn-out stock-dealing scandal threatened passage of the Takeshita government's cherished package of tax reforms. Opposition leaders in the Japanese parliament refused to resume debate on the tax legislation until Miyazawa supplied proof of his innocence in the stock transaction.

HOSPITALIZED. William Brennan, 82, the oldest and one of the most liberal Justices on the U.S. Supreme Court; for pneumonia; at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md. Brennan, who left his chambers suffering from a fever and chills, is being treated with antibiotics.

DIED. Roy Orbison, 52, rock-'n'-roll trailblazer who wrote and recorded pop classics, from the wrenching ballad *Only the Lonely* (1960) to the sublime *Oh, Pretty Woman* (1964); of a heart attack; in Hendersonville, Tenn. Known for his trademark dark shades, jet-black garb and a multi-octave voice that ranged from a sensuous growl to an ethereal soprano, Orbison was in the midst of a comeback when he died. An album he recorded with the Traveling Wilburys, a group that includes Bob Dylan and George Harrison, is No. 8

on the *Billboard* charts; a solo album, *Mystery Girl*, is slated for release early next year.

DIED. Charles Saxon, 68, a *New Yorker* cartoonist whose work satirized corporate hypocrisy and bourgeois pretensions; of a heart attack; in Stamford, Conn. In a typical Saxon cartoon, a pseudo aesthete asks, "Is it Manet or Monet who isn't as good as the other?"

DIED. Thornton Bradshaw, 71, courtly former Harvard Business School professor who was president of Atlantic Richfield before becoming the last chairman of RCA in 1981; of a stroke; in New York City. Bradshaw helped restore NBC to broadcasting prominence before the sale of the television network's parent company, RCA, to General Electric in 1985.

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Drinking Yourself Skinny

Liquid diets are back in vogue, but are they safe?

When Lynette Sylvester weighed 259 lbs., she hated Jane Fonda. The movie star was everything that Sylvester, 42, wanted to be and wasn't: among other things, svelte and athletic. In fact, Sylvester's weight problem had become so severe that her physician recommended she have her stomach stapled. "I realized that if I didn't change my behavior, I would die," recalls the store owner from Burnsville, Minn. Determined, she went on a liquid-protein diet and lost 120 lbs.

a week for women and 5 lbs. for men. The fasting phase of the diet, which generally lasts from three to six months, is pricey: about \$100 a week (part of which may be reimbursed by medical insurance). After hitting their goals, patients go on less expensive maintenance programs, designed to help them fend off cravings to overeat.

Are the programs safe? Yes, say experts, if they are medically supervised and if there is a significant amount of

standards may not always be adhered to. Says Ann Coulston, a senior research dietitian at Stanford University Medical Center: "The institution offering the program is eager to get as many people as possible for revenue-generating purposes. People may get admitted who don't meet the criteria." Some experts would prefer to see the diets used only for very obese patients, those who are at least 50% overweight.

The biggest debate, however, concerns whether the swift weight losses are permanent. Patients who finish these programs (and 30% to 40% do not) lose an average of 60 lbs. to 70 lbs., but some regain their weight rapidly.



Now, a year later, down from a size 44 dress to size 10, Sylvester regards Fonda as her personal exercise guru.

Liquid diets, which enjoyed a burst of popularity in the 1970s, are once again a fad. Programs are being offered in thousands of clinics, hospitals and doctors' offices across the country. Advertisements and articles tout the diets' merits. Celebrity success stories like that of TV talk-show host Oprah Winfrey, who shed 67 lbs., heighten the interest. In all, the liquid regimens have grown into a \$100 million-a-year industry. But the re-emergence of the diets has raised questions about their safety and long-term effectiveness.

The dominant firms in the field, all national chains, are Health Management Resources, Medifast and Optifast (which directed Winfrey's loss). Their programs are similar. Patients are put on so-called VLCDs—very-low-calorie diets—requiring them to forsake solid food and drink five packets a day of flavored powdered-food supplement containing a total of 400 to 800 calories. Dieters visit the program's doctor and a behavior-modification class once a week to have their health monitored and learn new eating habits. The average weight losses are dramatic: 3 lbs.

weight to be lost. That rules out the casual dieter, who risks poor health by losing muscle tissue. "These programs are definitely not for a patient who has 20 lbs. to lose and wants to get into a bikini," says Jim Parsons, Optifast's director. Nor are they for the do-it-yourselfer. "If you use an over-the-counter formula product as your sole source of nutrition, it's like playing Russian roulette," says Joan Horbik, spokeswoman for the American Dietetic Association. Patients in liquid-diet programs occasionally suffer temporary side effects, such as fatigue, constipation, dizziness and hair loss.

Apprehension about liquid diets stems from the more than a dozen deaths caused by such regimens a decade ago. At that time, the unsupervised diets contained only 300 calories a day and were made of nutritionally deficient hydrolyzed gelatin. Since then, calorie levels have been raised and the products improved. "Now programs invariably use high-quality protein," says Victor Fratali, a nutritionist at the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

Programs generally require patients to be from 15% to 30% above normal weight in order to qualify. However, these

Michael Workstel, a printer from Milford, Pa., lost 120 lbs. twice, only to put it back on. Why? "Because you don't change your eating habits," says Workstel. "When you're doing a liquid diet, there are no choices. You're in a bubble."

New York City's most famous dieter, Mayor Edward Koch, lost weight on a VLCD earlier this year and promptly regained it. Worse, he described the formula as "swill." Still, doctors say liquid diets may offer a lasting answer for the very obese. Notes Dr. Albert Stunkard of the University of Pennsylvania: "This is a reasonable way to lose weight. Whether it's better than losing weight slowly over a long period of time we really don't know."

At the end of a liquid diet, patients have to return to the all too tempting world of food and the all too easily avoided reality of exercise. That is when the real test comes. Says Ted Schilling, 42, an attorney in Osterville, Mass. A veteran of "every diet you could be on," Schilling took to heart the behavioral-modification classes he attended while losing 100 lbs. A year and a half later, his weight is still off. Says Schilling proudly: "I'm living a normal life with food now." —By Andrea Sachs

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Search, and Ye Shall Find

When Protestants hunt for pastors, secrecy and prayer abound

Eleven ministers are nervously keeping their December datebooks as open as they can this year. Reason: they are on the hush-hush list of semifinalists who hope to become the next minister of Riverside Church, the ritzy Manhattan citadel of Protestant liberalism. This week a lucky three or four among them will be notified by phone that they have been picked to come to Riverside for a last round of interviews. The preachers who did not

name several finalists years ago lived to regret it: one of the rejected ministers was so crushed that he suffered a nervous breakdown.

By coincidence, another superchurch is calling at the moment: First Baptist of Dallas, the 28,000-member flagship of Southern Baptist Fundamentalism. In an unusual arrangement, the church is hiring an assistant to work under the legendary W.A. Criswell, 79 next week, as his desig-



Preparing for the big vote: committee members confer at New York's Riverside Church

Covert expeditions, dozens of dossiers and a mound of papers are part of a yearlong quest.

make the cut will find polite rejection letters in their Christmas mail.

Riverside's elaborate hunt for William Sloane Coffin's successor typifies the method by which most of America's 300,000 Protestant congregations, large and small, find spiritual leaders. Lay members serving on a search committee may spend a year in unpaid toil, scanning 100 dossiers, listening to sermon tapes and making covert scouting expeditions to hear preachers. At Riverside, 5,000 people were asked to submit names and 250 prospects were contacted.

The process of "calling"—half prayer, half politics—is conducted in utmost secrecy. After Riverside's search committee makes its choice, it will not give the names of also-rans to the deacons who govern the church and it will shred all the papers in its double-locked filing cabinet. "If it is known you are a candidate and don't get the call, it is very rough," explains search-committee chairman J. Richard Butler. One church that publicly

nated successor. To the chagrin of the search committee, word has leaked out that Criswell favored O.S. Hawkins, 41, of Fort Lauderdale, but the independent-minded search committee, after winnowing 50 names, has settled on James Merritt of Snellville, Ga., Criswell's junior by 43 years. Merritt, naturally, is mum.

For the professional clergyman, the procedure of finding a job varies from church to church. In Roman Catholicism, bishops have total control of appointments. The United Methodist Church operates in much the same way, though local lay leaders are now consulted. But for most Protestant ministers, careers advance through subtle maneuvers to get calls from bigger churches offering higher salaries. Within denominations that are losing members, mobility is limited. The Presbyterian Church, which has suffered a 25% membership drop since 1965, has 1,500 to 2,000 ministers looking for new positions but only 600 to 700 churches with slots to fill. In the Episcopal Church, which has lost

28% of its membership in the same period, full-time openings have become so scarce that some 1,800 potential candidates are earning a living in secular occupations.

With the job market tight, search committees can afford to be extraordinarily picky. One Congregational church in Massachusetts has spent two years searching and has spurned five top candidates. At Dallas' big Prestonwood Baptist Church (whose pastor resigned after confessing to adultery), Deacon Newt Hamlin says the new man must be "a good speaker, a dynamic leader and a real strong evangelist. But we also want a pastor who can provide a lot of Bible study and who can reach people who are unchurched." Equally high expectations are held by black churches, which seek not only good preachers but also strong community leaders. "The black church is not simply a religious organization but a civic and social organization for its people," says W. Franklin Richardson, general secretary of the National Baptist Convention, Inc. "Sunday morning is not enough."

The course of finding someone to suit exalted expectations can take unusual turns. At Manhattan's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, searchers traveled 84,600 miles to hear 44 prospects preach and finally went outside the denomination last January, calling R. Maurice Boyd from the United Church of Canada. Presbyterians bury their search committees in a mountain of forms, letters and lists. Most denominations publish nationwide bulletins on openings, but it is bad form for interested clergy to contact search committees directly. Better to file dossiers with headquarters and, far more important, tap into the all-powerful old-boy network, though this avenue tends to work against women candidates.

At both First Baptist and Riverside, the search committees will present a single nominee early next year. If typical Protestant procedure holds, the candidate will preach a sample sermon—perhaps the most important of his career—and afterward church members will convene for a vote on whether to hire him. It is rare for a congregation to reject a nominee, but ministers consider it unwise to accept a call with less than an 80% or 90% vote.

Once in a great while a candidate rejects a call at the very end of the arduous process. For the beleaguered search committee, this is a disaster. "If our leading contender had turned us down, we would have been unwilling to go with our second or third choices," confides a search-committee member at a prominent church. "We would have had to begin the search again."

—By Richard H. Ostling
Reported by Michael P. Harris/New York and Diane Winston/Dallas

Religion

Jim Bakker's Crumbling World

The founding father of PTL is charged with fraud, and more

The Federal Government dumped a hefty chunk of coal into Jim Bakker's Christmas stocking last week. In a 28-page indictment, the former top man of the scandal-plagued PTL TV ministry was charged with 24 counts of fraud and conspiracy. His wife and co-star Tammy Faye, televangelism's dolled-up super-shopper, escaped by an eyelash, but three associates were also charged: PTL's former No. 2 administrator, Richard Dorch, and Bakker aides David and James Taggart.

Bakker and Dorch could receive lengthy prison terms. They were charged with illegally taking some \$4 million in bonuses out of the PTL trough. In addition, says the Government, they vastly oversold lifetime "partnerships" that promised lodging at the Grand Hotel and other accommodations at Bakker's Heritage USA theme park in Fort Mill, S.C. In one variation of the scam, some 9,700 hapless "partners" were offered the right



The fallen TV star at a June prayer meeting

Tammy Faye escaped blame by an eyelash.

to stay regularly in what turned out to be a single bunkhouse with 48 beds. As for the Taggart brothers, they are said to have helped themselves to \$1.1 million from PTL coffers and to have evaded taxes on the money.

The purpose of the conspiracy, says the Government, was simply to "create and continue lavish and extravagant life-styles." Among the places the mon-

ey went: \$3.4 million in bonuses for Jim and Tammy, and \$279,000 to buy silence from Jessica Hahn, with whom Jim had dallied one fateful day in a Florida hotel. The grand jury spent 16 months investigating the scandal and detailed 42 misdeeds.

As if the indictments were not enough, Bakker's world crumbled further on two other fronts. In an article appearing in the January *Penthouse*, John Wesley Fletcher, a former Bakker crony, details homosexual encounters with Bakker, claiming that he also procured other young men for the boss. In ongoing bankruptcy proceedings for PTL itself, an exasperated Judge Rufus Reynolds has thrown out a \$115 million bid from a Toronto firm for the theme park, cable network and other holdings, deciding instead to have an auction this week. If the price is not right, or payment terms are not favorable enough, the judge could sell off the properties separately.

Bakker and friends are expected to plead innocent; their trial may begin by mid-1989. With such seasoned stars and a number of flamboyant lawyers on hand, it should be one of the livelier gospel spectacles since Jim and Tammy went off the air.

—By Richard N. Ostling
Reported by Joseph J. Kane/Atlanta

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Welcome to Madison Avenue U.

Students turn on the hype to win at the college-entrance game

After 25 years in the business, Richard Steele, director of undergraduate admissions at Duke University, thought he had seen them all. The eager ones. The teary ones. The ones who would do anything to get into the college of their choice. But last year a member of his staff ran across a genuine original. "Is there anything else I can do to strengthen my case?" Jennifer Tangora, a high school senior, inquired at the end of her interview. The admissions officer looked over her application, which was crammed with high grades, solid recommendations and documented achievements. "Seems to me the only thing you haven't done is paint your room Duke blue," she mused, alluding to the school color. Soon thereafter the photo arrived—of the smiling applicant, brush in hand, apparently painting her bedroom a deep lapis hue. Needless to say, Tangora is now a Duke student.

Such gimmicks would have been unthinkable even a decade ago. Today they are as much a part of the December-through-April application season as anxiety attacks and gnawed nails. Admissions officers at the University of Pennsylvania have received a handcrafted boomerang and a Monopoly game with the names of the properties changed to campus sites. At Stanford, a would-be freshman submitted an oil painting of the admissions officers; another delivered a life preserver with a plea attached: *I HOPE THIS KEEPS MY NAME AFLOAT IN THE POOL OF APPLICANTS.* "We get baked goods. We get balloons," says Daniel Walls, dean of admissions at Emory University. "Students even camp out under counselors' windows."

These frantic appeals are fueled by unprecedented competition for college admission. The rush began in the early 1980s, as schools realized that enrollments would slump when the first of the "baby bust" generation turned 18. To ensure full classrooms, they began beefing up their advertising and recruiting efforts. The result has been a flood of applications, with many students filling out eight or more. The boom has been most apparent at the 50 to 100 top-ranked colleges. "It seems as if 75% of the kids are applying to 25% of the schools," says

Lee Stetson, dean of admissions at Penn.

The reason is largely economic. Parents and students think they will get a higher return on their \$16,000-plus annual investment from a brand-name institution such as Yale, Caltech or the University of Chicago than from a lesser-known school. But these same colleges are trying to attract students from diverse ethnic, racial, geographic and economic backgrounds, making the admissions hurdle still higher for the majority of white middle-class applicants. One measure of the competitiveness: last year the University of Pennsylvania rejected 35% of those who scored an extraordinary 1,400 or more on

the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT).

Faced with such grim statistics, students are mounting marketing campaigns that would put Procter & Gamble to shame. Videotapes that advertise a student's creativity are especially popular. Five years ago, Bowdoin College in Maine received just two; last year it got 100. The variety is astonishing: tap-dancing routines, karate demonstrations and music videos. Not all audiovisuals are helpful, however. When an applicant to the University of California at Santa Cruz submitted a taped comedy routine with sexist and racist jokes, admissions director Joe Allen was so offended that he eliminated the student from contention.

Increasing numbers of teenagers are turning to private SAT cram courses that can cost as much as \$800 and claim to boost scores 100 points or more. "Over the past five years, our revenues have doubled," boasts Stanley H. Kaplan, chairman of a nationwide test-coaching chain that bears his name. Summer courses at Ivy League universities or prestigious academies like Phillips Exeter are also popular. These platinum-plated extras, plus fees for applications and trips to visit campuses, can add up to a staggering sum—and all before the tuition bills start to arrive.

To take the guesswork out of making such an investment, some parents hire independent education consultants. For fees that can top \$2,000, these self-styled experts assess a student's strengths, draw up a list of recommended schools, conduct mock interviews and make sure all materials are filed on time. "It takes a lot of pressure off parents," says one Rye, N.Y., mother. "And it's a tremendous relief for my daughter as well."

But the growing dependence on outside advisers worries many teachers and administrators. "It used to be that the student applied to colleges," says Hugh Chandler, a high school guidance counselor in Weston, Mass. "Now it's the parents and the outside consultant." Even the most personal part of the application—the essay—is putty for professional packagers. This fall Matthew Tucker, a high school senior from Wilton, Conn., wanted to write about his cross-country cycling trip.



The application arts: Tangora brushed up her chances with a dash of Duke blue; a Penn hopeful's music video

Education

but his consultant considered the subject too prosaic. At her suggestion, he switched to juggling, one of his hobbies. "She didn't write my essay," Tucker says. "She just helped me to get a good idea." And, he admits, to "find the right words."

Many educators question the distinction between advising a student on his essay and composing it for him. Others fret that students may become so used to molding their personalities to suit the college market that they will lose touch with who they are and what they believe. Says Thomas Anthony, director of admissions at Colgate University: "The new approach robs the kid of working his way through a major life choice."

In addition, the growing use of high-priced private coaches and special prep courses may put less affluent applicants at a disadvantage. "It is certainly unfair to the poor," admits a mother who paid \$1,000 for an outside counselor. "But without it, my daughter's chances at Brown and Stanford wouldn't be nearly as good. It was necessary."



A Stanford candidate floats a misspelled ploy. Sometimes the gimmicks can backfire.

But was it? Admissions staffers insist they are not swayed by come-ons. Yet most admit they are amused by the gimmicks, particularly if they are creative. Last year, in an attempt to get off the waiting list at his top-choice college, Scott Hart of Pleasantville, N.Y., sent the admissions staff a brochure with

pictures of his life and a witty summary of his high school career. He got in. And even unabashed pandering can sometimes have a positive effect. Robert Voss, director of admissions at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, received two giant chocolate-chip cookies, his favorite, from an applicant. The cookies are no guarantee of admission, he says. "But they differentiate the kid from the pack. I will remember him."

As the hype intensifies and the costs of the admissions race soar, is college acceptance—like so many other aspects of American life—becoming a matter of packaging over substance? "The whole process is not unlike the selling of the President," says William Mason, Bowdoin's admissions director. But most high school students find the question beside the point. "You're subject to the system," said a world-weary senior. "So, you've got to play the game." Roger Ailes could not have said it better. —By Susan Tiff. Reported by Michael Mason/Atlanta and Janice C. Simpson/New York

The Spin Doctors of Admissions

Let's add it up," says Frank Leana, director of the Manhattan office of Howard Greene & Associates, a Connecticut-based education consulting firm. "The full line with us is about \$2,000. Visiting five schools in New England and staying two overnights is close to \$800. If you do an SAT prep course, that's another \$500 to \$600, and there are private tutors for \$35 to \$100 an hour. Every college application is another \$25 to \$40." The total: well over \$3,000.

Advising parents about the costs of the admissions race is just one of the many services offered by independent consultants. They also determine which schools are best for a student and what clothes and questions are appropriate for campus interviews. Some counselors even offer tips on how to outsmart the SAT (example: since each section's multiple-choice questions progress from easy to hard, an answer that looks obvious early in the test is more likely to be correct than one that looks obvious later). Such personalized attention is rare in most large high schools, where guidance counselors can easily be assigned 300 students or more. Says Jane McClure of Jackson & McClure Associates in San Francisco: "There isn't enough time for everyone."

Private consultants are filling the gap. Since it was founded in 1976, the Independent Educational Consultants Association (IECA), the industry's trade group, has grown from 15 to 120 members, most of them former guidance counselors or admissions officers. Many work solo, but some have joined large firms. Edu-Care International, with offices in New York City, Miami and London, employs

more than 60 people and advises 150 students a year.

Private coaches generally prefer meeting clients when they are juniors or seniors in high school. But Jane McClure of Hinsdale, Ill., likes to sign up eighth-graders because it gives her more time to shape their record. In past summers she has sent one student to Greece to build roads, another to Hawaii to teach language to dolphins. "It makes them more interesting to the college," she says. "They can show how they use their time beneficially."

Reputable counselors make it clear they cannot guarantee a student will get into the college of his or her choice, but charlatans are already popping up. One in Fairfield County, Conn., reportedly told parents that he had a friend on the admissions committee at their child's first-choice school and could pull strings to get him admitted. He charged \$1,000, offering the money back if the student did not get in. For the consultant, it was a no-lose proposition: he did nothing, and if the student happened to get in, he kept the money. The IECA tries to weed out con artists by requiring members to sign an ethics code. But that is unlikely to dissuade the unscrupulous.

How much good do the consultants do? "About half the time they muck it up," says John McClintock, a college adviser at Chicago's Francis W. Parker School. The best realize they are most effective working behind the scenes. Colleges do not appreciate phone calls from paid advocates. And gushing recommendations from hired image-makers, scoffs Kevin Rooney, director of admissions at Notre Dame, "carry no weight at all." ■



Hot tips: McClure lavishes attention on a client

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Two Out of Five Ain't Bad

A pair of romantic comedies works nicely, while a trio of ambitious dramas misfires



Mergers on their mind: Griffith and Ford in *Working Girl*

WORKING GIRL

*Directed by Mike Nichols
Screenplay by Kevin Wade*

In the steno pool at the brokerage where she works, Tess McGill (Melanie Griffith) might catch a male executive's eye for a few primpie seconds. Would she accompany him to his office for some fast dictation? She would not. Tess may chafe at pushing 30, at fetching coffee for dimmer minds with smoother styles, but she will not be used. And now she has a plan. Her new boss is chic Katharine Parker (Sigourney Weaver), who has it all and wants more. Katharine can flirt suavely with clients—"I'll buy you a drink. Bottle of Cristal? Two straws?"—and steal ideas from brainy losers like Tess. Well, if Tess can't beat Katharine, she will become her. While Katharine recovers from a ski injury, Tess dresses in her boss's clothes, coifs herself in "serious hair," drops her voice one take-charge octave. Voilà! The Staten Island missy is a Park Avenue Ms. Jack Trallen (Harrison Ford), a junior exec at another brokerage, is darned impressed. Here is a woman "who dresses like a woman and not like a woman dressed like she thinks a man would dress if he were a woman." Soon he and Tess are partners, hatching a big merger and pretending that a man and a woman can work closely without feeling the crackle of erotic tension. No can do. At least in the business of romantic comedy. Kevin Wade shows this in his smart screenplay, which is full of the atmospheric pressures that allow stars to collide. Director Mike Nichols knows this in his

bones. He encourages Weaver to play (brilliantly) an airy shrew. He gives Ford a boyish buoyancy and Griffith the chance to be a grownup mesmerizer. When Tess and Jack kiss, Nichols has Griffith kick one leg back in the old-fashioned signal of innocent lust.

From this moment, you know that *Working Girl* is a fond anthology of old Hollywood's romantic comedies. The film's plot may parse like *All About Eve* from the scheming Eve's point of view, but it is with every '30s heroine who must conquer class prejudice—with wit, charm, bravado and a little larceny—before she can win the nice guy away from the macapac heiress. At first, Griffith's pudginess and baby-doll voice appear to disqualify her from the company of Carole Lombard, Jean Arthur and other down-to-earth goddesses of the golden age. But as she slims into executive shape, she grows in the role until finally she is captivating enough to be entrusted with a company merger or a big-budget film. Another Katharine (Hepburn) played another Tess (Harding) in a 1942 comedy about a trailblazing career gal. Like her, Griffith's Tess McGill is a Woman of the Year.

Or maybe the Woman of the Future. For Nichols' film is also as modern as the 21st century challenge that faces America. How will the working class be educated to survive and thrive in the computer age? This intoxicating movie has an answer: let her strut her outer-borough wisdom from Wall Street to the Pacific Rim. Watch her fatten portfolios as she melts hearts. With working girls like Tess, America ain't down yet.

—By Richard Corliss



One manchild to another: Hoffman and Cruise in *Rain Man*

RAIN MAN

*Directed by Barry Levinson:
Screenplay by Ronald Bass and Barry Morrow*

The publicity pushes all the right buttons. "The unlimited potential of the human spirit" is evoked: the word heartwarming is bandied about. And indeed the film's plot profile is indistinguishable from that of a disease-of-the-month TV movie. But partly because director Barry Levinson (*Good Morning, Vietnam*) aspires to a more conscientious art, partly because he has chosen to examine one of the least tractable and most enigmatic forms of mental illness, *Rain Man* simply refuses to function sentimentally.

Cunning, cynical young Charlie Babbitt (Tom Cruise) learns he has been cut out of his father's \$3 million estate, which has gone to an older brother, Raymond (Dustin Hoffman), whom he did not know existed. Ray has long been institutionalized because he is an autistic savant. He has a genius for instant mathematical calculation, but he keeps reality and affection at bay by piling barricades of useless information around himself and by insisting, maddeningly, monotonously, monomaniacally, that certain routines, involving meals and TV viewing, be rigorously observed. Charlie abducts him, hoping to gain control of his inheritance, and they set off by car on a cross-country odyssey—each in his way a manchild in an unpromising landscape.

The situation triggers certain expectations. Surely responsibility—and the work-

ings of the popular belief that mental illness can be a form of saintliness—will make Charlie a better, more caring person. And perhaps, freed of institutional constraints, warmed by fraternal bonding, Raymond may get better, since that too is a convention of this kind of drama.

You win some, you lose some. Charlie does develop a guardedly expressed conscience. Though he exploits Ray's head for figures to make a killing in Las Vegas, he ends up believing his brother would be better off with him than in the asylum, and fighting, on principle, for custody. Yet Hoffman's meticulously observed performance makes it clear that Ray's is truly a hopeless case. Yes, he could become a kind of living pull toy for his brother, flapping and clacking in his wake. Yes, they could continue playing what they have played in this film: a comedy of frustration that has its bleakly funny moments. But a cure, restoration to full human function? That's not on.

This honest rejection of fraudulently uplifting sentiment is admirable in a way. But *Rain Man's* restraint is, finally, rather like Raymond's gabble. It discourages connections, keeping you out instead of drawing you in.

—By Richard Schickel

TALK RADIO

*Directed by Oliver Stone;
Screenplay by Eric Bogosian and
Oliver Stone*

Good evening, agony fans. Time for another thrilling episode with Barry Champlain (Eric Bogosian). For two hours a night, this talk-show host spits out opinions, croons insults, talks people off the suicide ledge of despondency, seduces and then abandons his listeners. Got a personal problem? Barry will mock it. Afraid of blacks, Jews, gays? Barry will make sure you're more afraid of him. Or maybe you just love him. Don't try: "Nothing more boring than people who love you." And when Barry is bored, he cuts off your lifeline—hangs up on you. Remember, folks: "Sticks and stones may break your bones, but words cause permanent damage."

Playing another radio host, Robin Williams spun this volupitous sort of word web for maybe 15 minutes in *Good Morning, Vietnam* and won an Oscar nomination. What does Bogosian deserve? For most of this engrossing, infuriating movie, he sits in a radio studio and just talks, a shaman sparking his listeners' minds around the communal campfire. It is a spellbinding tour.

Bogosian wrote and played this role last year off-Broadway, and when he sticks to the old script, he brings the thing to life onscreen. So, at first, does director Oliver Stone. He makes a voice in the dark seem a perfect subject for motion pictures. The camera prowls with a purpose; the movie gleams



Bogosian with Leslie Hope in *Talk Radio*



Aykroyd and Basinger in *Stepmother*



Gibson clinches a deal in *Tequila*

like Formica lighted by witchcraft.

The play had a point: in America agony is just show biz, life-and-death issues are matters of style, and even the most desperate night callers seek steady entertainment, not salvation. But Stone wants more. In *Salvador* and *Platoon* he found drama to match his message; here he must invent tragedy to suit his spleen. He moves Barry from Cleveland to Dallas and appropriates the murder of Denver radio host Alan

Berg—a little silver anniversary present to the Kennedy-assassination city. Stone's camera closes in on Bogosian's face as if it were the cratered moonscape of the American mind, and the actor starts shouting into his megaphone mike. Finally, these two have become like Barry's listeners, shrill and unconvincing, weaving their own conspiracy theories in the bleat of the night. This is bag-lady cinema. —R.C.

MY STEPMOTHER IS AN ALIEN

*Directed by Richard Benjamin;
Screenplay by Jerico Weingrod,
Herschel Weingrod, Timothy Harris
and Jonathan Reynolds*

Suppose *E.T.* had not been a sweet-tempered little brown guy. Suppose, instead, he had been a sweet-tempered woman built like a movie star—Kim Basinger, say. On the face and figure of it, there is something to be said for this switcheroo. All right, she seems to be on a battery-acid diet and needs instructions on matters as diverse as earthling sexual practices and the historical significance of Jimmy Durante. Nobody's perfect. But Celeste is a willing learner, and Dr. Steve Mills (Dan Aykroyd), the widower, father and scientist on whose signal into outer space she beamed down, is an eager, bedazzled teacher.

There is one miscalculation—a libidinous brother, heavily played by Jon Lovitz—but it is ultimately redeemed by the four dab hands who wrote this comedy. Richard Benjamin has directed a pleasant holiday surprise. The fable is sweet without being cloying, light without being too airy, suspenseful and sexy without being so much so that a parent has to distract himself with a lot of guidance.

—R.S.

TEQUILA SUNRISE

*Directed and Written by
Robert Towne*

Dale McKissic (Mel Gibson) is your basic existential hero of the California '80s: humanist hunk, thoughtful father, loyal friend, gentle lover and, oh, yes, a cocaine dealer. Now he wants to retire—no pension, thank you, but no penance either. No police heat courtesy of an old-buddy cop (Kurt Russell). And no mortal wounds from rival coke kingpins or Mexican commandants (Raul Julia). Just a cozy table for two with a hard-to-get restaurateur (Michelle Pfeiffer) who chirps skepticism like a tequila mockingbird.

Robert Towne's plot recalls the old James Cagney melodramas in which righteous Pat O'Brien fought for his soul and rotten Humphrey Bogart tried to perforate his body. But the moral is utterly today: it's about going straight without paying the price. As handsome and slack muscled as a surfer past his prime, the movie renounces ambiguity for confusion. In the end, like an old set of tires or a frayed friendship, *Tequila Sunrise* just wears out.

—R.C.

THE PROTEAN PENMAN

To **ISAAC ASIMOV**, prolific author, futurologist, historian and incurable explainaholic, the unexamined life is a life that is not worth loving

BY STEFAN KANFER

By the end of this year the Library of Congress will have received the 403rd book in a unique collection. Some of the volumes are composed of bawdy limericks: "There is something about satyriasis. That arouses psychiatrists' biases. / But we're both very pleased. We're in this way diseased. As the damsels who's waiting to try us is." Others are concerned with nuclear physics and organic chemistry: "It is the electron that is mobile and the proton that is relatively stationary . . . Benjamin Franklin had a fifty-fifty chance of guessing right, and he muffed it. Too bad." Some are science fiction—excursions out in the galactic void or deep within the vessels and sinews of the human body: "Watch what's coming." All eyes turned ahead. A blue-green coruscate was bumping along ahead of them. Some follow the adventures of Sherlock Holmes in outer space, some track the steps of Albert Einstein in his Princeton office. "He could not believe that the universe would be so entirely in the grip of chance. 'God may be subtle,' he once said. 'But he is not malicious.'"

In addition, there are mystery novels, short stories and a two-volume, 1,500-page autobiography: "I did a Dick Cavett segment on June 3. It was my fourth time with him. This time I was publicizing *The Sensuous Dirty Old Man*, so I came out with a bra over my eyes . . . It was the silliest thing I ever did on television, and I was sorry I had agreed to do it even as I stepped out onto the stage."

And this is only a partial register. Scores of additional works are listed under such disparate categories as the solar system, the meaning of the Greek myths, the shaping of England, the birth of the U.S. and secular explanations of the Old Testament: "If the Biblical account [of Jericho] is taken literally, this is a miracle, but . . . while the defenders watched in fascination at the slow parading about the city, and listened to the awesome sound of the trumpets, they might not have had time to see and hear the very mundane activity of Joshua's sappers slowly undermining the city's walls."

At first glance, these volumes would seem to have nothing in common. In fact, they are closely related. Every one of them was written by the same man.

"The *Guinness Book of World Records* says that mystery writer John Creasey in England published more than 500 books," says Isaac Asimov. "But it seems fair to say that no one has written more books on more subjects than I." The vertical pronoun frequently occurs in the author's conversation, but there is as much self-concealment as self-promotion in his talk. As he approaches his 70th year, for example, Asimov has come to see himself merely as a "born explainer." Yet explaining implies understanding, and there is very little in this world that Asimov does not understand. If something stumps him, he goes out and buys a book on the subject. Then he stays in and writes a book on the subject. Usually, the volume he reads is full of recondite information. Typically, the one with his name on the cover is a model of clarity, making difficult subjects accessible to the common reader.

By performing this alchemy for four decades, Isaac Asimov has become an oracle, particularly in the world of science. These are, after all, the Years When the Earth Talked Back, and long before the politicians, he was listening. Today readers search works like *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Science and Today and Tomorrow* and . . . for advice on space programs and the greenhouse effect. Many of them go directly to the source with their questions. If Asimov has respect for the interrogators, he answers thoughtfully, in detail. If not, he has a habit of assuming an abstracted, extraterrestrial manner, as if he had a lunch date on the other side of time.

Asimov is all too frequently barraged by those who confuse Shirley MacLaine's utterances with thought. The interrogations have to do with UFOs, alien visitors, astrological predictions and the healing power of crystals. "Cab drivers mostly," he says, "and passersby. I guess these are what causes them to recognize me." The term *these* refers to a pair of voluminous sideburns, and they make it impossible to mistake the wearer for anyone else, except possibly Martin Van Buren, the eighth President of the U.S. New Age inquisitors remain one of the few puzzles Asimov is unable to crack: "I have never found a way to convince them. They tell me there is 'absolute proof' of aliens landing on this planet. They read it with their own eyes. It turns out they read it at the supermarket checkout counter, trying to escape from reality."

This impatience with pseudo science began some 60 years ago, when little Isaac fell in love with facts. He was introduced to the world of information in his parents' Brooklyn candy store. The Asimovs were culturally ambitious Jewish immigrants from Russia, where their son was born, and the boy made a habit of devouring magazines as soon as they were put in the rack. "So that the publications could be sold later without looking used," he recalls. "I read them with a very light hand. When I was through, they would close as neatly as though they had never been read. To this day I read the *New York Times* that way. When I am through, you will not be able to tell that it has been in any way disturbed."

The same light hand is evident in the thousands of books that fill his apartment near Central Park. From his 33rd-floor aerie, he and his second wife Janet, a retired psychiatrist, overlook the city they seldom leave. The proof of Asimov's immobility lies in the terrace situated some 40 ft. from his study. Janet tends the little garden. Incredibly, he has never set foot on the terrace, for the man whose *Foundation Trilogy* centers on a Galactic Empire and interplan-



Photograph for TIME by John Olson

etary voyages is terrified of heights. He has flown only once: "It was in the Army, and to refuse meant a court-martial." Acrophobia has its drawbacks: he does not visit foreign cities, or even many domestic ones. Fourteen honorary degrees have come his way; he has turned down many others because he hates to travel to any college or university beyond a 400-mile limit from New York City. But this unwillingness to venture far from the word processor also gives the explainaholic a few benefits: more work hours and more books. "My pace has increased through the years," he says. "In the decade from 1950 to 1960, I wrote 32 books. From 1960 to 1970, I wrote 70; from 1970 to 1980, 109 books; and in the current decade, I wrote 192."

The first of those works was a futuristic novel called *Pebble in the Sky*, in 1950. "I presented a copy to my father," Asimov remembers. "I think it was then that he finally forgave me my failure to get into medical school ten years before." Actually, he was in medical school—Boston University School of Medicine—but as an instructor in biochemistry. The meager salary, plus payments for occasional sci-fi short stories, supported Asimov, his first wife and their son and daughter for ten years. It was then that he decided to break for New York City and a freelance career. But he retained his academic title, and he never really stopped being professorial. As he sees it, the unexamined life is not worth living: "The moons of Saturn, the Bard of Avon, the mysteries of sex, the behavior of ancient societies—all have to be analyzed before they can be appreciated." Besides, Professor Asimov has a vision: "I believe that if there's such a thing as God's word, it's rationality, and I have the call to spread it."

Rationality means turning away from the siren lure of mysticism and confronting beautiful theories with ungainly facts. "The so-called New Age," he maintains, "is really a throwback to the early times when we believed in ogres and devils and monsters and evil fairies. We knew so little about the world that it seemed filled with intelligences superior to our own. Naturally, we lived in terror. But now we know so much about the whole universe. Now we can concentrate on real evils."

Such evils, for example, as the assumption that nations are separate unto themselves. Today all countries are interconnected despite their territorial claims, he argues, and "saying that the Japanese have a pollution problem is like saying there's a bad leak in your end of the boat." Of course, hundreds of futurists share that insight. Some of them, when pressed hard enough, may even present a solution or two. That is the Asimov difference: without prompting, he offers remedies by the team. The man who predicted assembly-line robotics in 1939, coined the term psychohistory—"the prediction of future trends in history through mathematical analysis"—in 1941, and foresaw the computer revolution in 1950 not only faces tomorrow, he also embraces it.

An aging population? No problem. Put senior citizens back in college: "Under such conditions, accustomed to lifelong learning, why shouldn't they remain creative

and innovative to very nearly the end of their lives?"

Dirty air? Look outside the window. There stands the most efficient antipollution device ever made: trees. "They absorb carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide and give out oxygen. What could be more desirable? And they look good in the bargain. Stop chopping down the rain forests and plant more saplings, and we're on our way."

The teeming earth? Simplicity itself: "Colonize the moon. Build space stations. Then go on to populate Mars and the other planets. There is unlimited solar energy out there, and a plethora of minerals and acres of land. Going into the galaxy is not nearly so fantastic as it seems. We are already more informed about outer space than the early explorers ever were about the oceans they sailed on or the lands they discovered."

Bulliness does not mean blindness. Asimov is alarmed by overpopulation, with its insatiable demand for natural resources. He is not sanguine about the medical establishment's inability to find a cure for AIDS: "It may just burn itself out the way the bubonic plague did in the London of 1665. But this tragic disease moves much more slowly. It might take a century to disappear." And

wars and weapons continually remind him about the fragility of Spaceship Earth. But in the Asimovian view, that fragility is an echo of his personal history. He was felled by a heart attack in 1977 and underwent a triple coronary bypass in 1983. Manners and habits changed overnight. Although he had a great appetite for high-cholesterol foods and no taste for exercise, he bought a machine that demands the efforts of cross-country skiing. Week by week, he worked himself into shape. En route he totally altered his diet and dropped 50 lbs. If he could overcome his nearly fatal difficulties, Asimov reasons, why can't the world do the same? Solipsistic, perhaps, but plausible.

"A hundred years ago," he reminds skeptics, "95% of the labor force was involved in food production or distribution. Experts predicted that once the farms went, the world would be put out of work. If you had told them that in the next century their descendants would be, say, flight attendants or television cameramen, they would have thought you were crazy. The future is full of impossible possibilities. The irony is, those who predict it best are the historians."

So those are the ones Isaac Asimov is currently studying, seated at his TRS 80, beginning the long trek to *Opus 500*. Working in his customary routine from 7 a.m. to evening, he will pursue a science fiction novel, provisionally titled *Nemesis*; a "rather large history of science"; a collection of columns for *Fantasy & Science Fiction* magazine; and a collaboration with wife Janet on a children's book about Norby, the friendly robot. Every so often, he and Janet will saunter downtown for a look at some Fifth Avenue shopwindows. Royalties and lecture fees bring in a high-six-figure income: the Asimovs can indulge themselves. "And we will," Isaac says, taking his wife's hand. "We've done enough work for now. Today we'll try something different. Today we'll charge into Doubleday's and buy somebody else's books."

The so-called New Age is really a throwback to the early times when we believed in ogres and devils and monsters and evil fairies."



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A Holiday Hamper Of Glowing Gift Titles

From Dürer to Daffy Duck, the season's selection abounds in the opulent and the offbeat

MORE THAN \$60

Cranach did it. Van Eyck did it, even Hans Pleydenwurff did it. But nobody drew the birds, bees and flowers better than Albrecht Dürer, the German master who died in 1528, leaving a legacy of nature illustrations that have been admired (and copied by forgers) for centuries. *Albrecht Dürer and the Animal and Plant Studies of the Renaissance* by Fritz Koreny (New York Graphic Society; 278 pages; \$75), compares such renowned works of botanical and zoological observation as *Hare and The Large Piece of Turf* with their imitations. The result is a scholarly view of authentication problems in 16th century German art and a wondrous glimpse into the beginnings of scientific representation.

Operaphiles may agree on little else, but on one subject they are unanimous: Charles Garnier's Paris Opéra, conceived in a burst of Second Empire glory and opened in a blaze of Third Republic splendor, is the world's most opulent opera house. *The Paris Opéra (Vendome; 187 pages; \$75)*, with text by Martine Kahane, curator of the Opéra's library-museum, and musicologist Thierry Beauvert, succinctly recounts the history of the fabled hall, but the real *tour d'horizon* is provided by Jacques Moatti's photographs, which take the reader from the subterranean lake beneath the mammoth building, where the Phantom of the Opera was said to roam, to the gilded statue of Apollo and his lyre, which soars some 230 ft. above the streets of Paris.

Rare is the illustrated book in which pictures and words equally reward attention. *The Altarpiece in Renaissance Italy* (Cambridge; 240 pages; \$75) admirably succeeds on both counts. For openers, it offers for the first time in English an extended essay by Jacob Burckhardt, the 19th century cultural historian best known for his *The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy* (1860). Burckhardt's study of Italian altarpieces, originally published in German a year after his death in 1897, remains magisterially informative. And the accompanying reproductions, including work by Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Titian and Michelangelo, do more than supplement Burckhardt's

text. They provide miraculous glimpses of an age when the artistic impulse and religious devotion were one and the same.

They had faces then, but they also had posters. And *Reel Art: Great Posters from the Golden Age of the Silver Screen* by Stephen Rebeollo and Richard Allen (Abbeville; 342 pages; \$75) displays them in both black and white and glorious Technicolor, along with a witty history of this peculiar art form. Charles Laughton's grasping hand reaches for a half-clad Maureen O'Hara in a teaser for *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1939); Gary Cooper clutches a gun and Madeleine Carroll clutches him in an ad for *The General Died at Dawn* (1936); William Powell and Hedy Lamarr gaze out from *Crossroads* (1942), "where women," promises the caption, "wait to seal your fate!" Even without popcorn, *Reel Art* is a real hoot.

Because they could be inexpensively reproduced, Japanese wood-block prints, or *ukiyo-e*, made art available to the masses. *Hiroshige: Birds and Flowers (George Braziller; 192 pages; \$75)* presents 91 surviving color prints from a 19th century master of the form. Andō Hiroshige (1797-1858) was enormously successful with subjects more commonly portrayed in wood blocks: landscapes and scenes of urban night life. The prints of birds and flowers collected here hark back to an older Chinese tradition and became popular as well. The formula—literally an arrangement of birds and plants—only sounds narrow. Hiroshige's inspired variations are exquisite, serene and pulsing with life.

\$40-\$60

The season's most exotic and original fashion book is *Issey Miyake* (New York Graphic Society; \$40). Japanese designer Miyake's particular genius is with fabric and shape. Here are litling cascades of pleats, riffs on the jumpsuit that really leap, whirling fantasies on samurai gear. Seen through photographer Irving Penn's daring aesthetic eye, the clothes have a drama that nearly engulfs the imagination. The affable accompanying essay is a reminder that these duds are wearable too.



WILDFLOWERS ACROSS AMERICA A rock-rose, native to Texas



A CERTAIN STYLE Llewellyn plastic handbag, circa 1951



QUEEN MARY'S DOLLS' HOUSE In England's of the Queen's bedroom measures only

Hammered copper, hand-thrown pottery, "honest" furniture even when machine-made—these were the tenets that created the spare yet homey *Treasures of the American Arts and Crafts Movement: 1890-1920*, handsomely surveyed by Tod M. Volpa and Beth Cathers (Abrams; 206 pages; \$49.50). Founded in Britain by John Ruskin and William Morris as an antidote to the shoddy wares of the Industrial Revolution, the movement was brought to the U.S. by Gustav Stickley. Its principles have blurred, but the work produced by its philosopher-practitioners en-



THE ALTAARPIECE IN RENAISSANCE ITALY A 14th century
Pietà attributed to Giotto



tiniest stately home, this model
30 inches in width



ALBRECHT DÜRER AND THE ANIMAL AND PLANT STUDIES OF THE RENAISSANCE Dürer watercolor of a Barbary lion, 1521



ISSEY MIYAKE The Japanese designer's dyed-cotton apron:
nearly engulfing the imagination

dure. Example: the incised birds that flit across the flowers on Mary Frances Overbeck's exquisite ceramic vase.

Is there someone in the family interested in the 46 synonyms for the Gewürztraminer grape? Or maybe you have a friend who just has to locate the six wine-growing districts of China? If so, consider as a suitable gift **Sotheby's World Wine Encyclopedia** by Tom Stevenson (New York Graphic Society, 480 pages; \$40). Lavishly illustrated and superbly mapped, it compares favorably with older standards by Hugh Johnson and Alexis Lichine. Ste-

venson, a British expert, provides meticulously detailed information on both the basics (how to read wine labels) and the arcane (how wine is fermented). Idiosyncrasy blends with thoroughness here to make a perfect oenophile's companion.

Man Ray (1890-1976) is probably best remembered for the photographs he took of his friends, including Joyce, Hemingway and Picasso. **Perpetual Motif: The Art of Man Ray** (Abbeville; 348 pages; \$35) reproduces these pictures, of course, but much else as well. Ray flourished in Paris during the 1920s and '30s as a painter and

a maker of often whimsical objects, such as a flatiron with a row of tacks attached. Photography was almost an afterthought, a means of recording his sometimes perishable constructions. But Ray's camera also captured an era—when art belonged to Dada—that this book scrupulously assembles and preserves.

LESS THAN \$40

"In the springtime one could travel for hundreds of miles on a bed of flowers. Sometimes they came up to my stirrups."

Thus a Texas Ranger in 1875 described riding through West Texas. To preserve this natural bounty, in 1982 Lady Bird Johnson gave 60 Texas acres and \$125,000 to found the National Wildflower Research Center. Now, with horticulturist Carlton H. Lees, the former First Lady has produced *Wildflowers Across America* (Abbeville: 309 pages, \$39.95) and will donate her royalties to help support the center. The botanical handbook is illuminated with photographs of extraordinary clarity and includes instructions on how to make your own meadow, something not yet in the Neiman-Marcus catalog.

Get into plastics: was the advice given to ambitious young men after World War II. The *New Yorker* editor Robert A. Gottlieb and Manhattan art dealer Frank Maresca eventually did. *A Certain Style: The Art of the Plastic Handbag, 1949-59* (Knopf, 117 pages, \$35) is a campy offering of selected photographs of the authors' unusual collections of period pocketbooks. Articles that once seemed the height of kitschy fashion in New York City and Miami Beach now glow, isolated by smart lighting and technically perfect camera work, like the artifacts of a vanished civilization.

In 1924 the British people presented Queen Mary, grandmother of Queen Elizabeth, with a dolls' house as a gesture of gratitude and loyalty after World War I. In *Queen Mary's Dolls' House* (Abbeville: 191 pages, \$35), Mary Stewart-Wilson opens to our view the tiniest stately home in England. The empire's finest artists, craftsmen and manufacturers contributed to the miniature royal household: Doulton sent a gilded china service for 18 (including 22 serving and covered vegetable dishes); Waygood Oils built two working elevators; and Cartier made seven clocks and two barometers. A. E. Housman, who allowed some of his poems to be copied small for the 200-book library, commented "I selected the twelve shortest and simplest and least likely to fatigue the attention of dolls or the illustrious House of Hanover."

There were long, hard years in the 1930s and '40s when they were treated like animals. But once the right roles came along, the applause never stopped. Today Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Porky Pig, the Road Runner and Wile E. Coyote, Sylvester and Tweety, and their colleagues remain Saturday-morning superstars. They are also the focus of *That's All Folks!* by Steve Schneider (Henry Holt, 253 pages, \$39.95). This comic valentine offers impeccable research, interviews with the animated geniuses who breathed life and laughter into their Looney Tunes, and hundreds of rare illustrations. Given the price of a single frame of original Warner Bros. art (\$400 for Bugs and carrot), this is the season's biggest bargain. ■

Music

Trouble Along the Nile

An overblown new *Aida* puts the Met's woes on display

BY MICHAEL WALSH

A nyone who wonders what is wrong with American opera in general and the Metropolitan Opera in particular need look no further than Manhattan's Lincoln Center, where the Met last week uncrated its elephantine new production of Verdi's *Aida*. Can the nation's leading opera house really be serious about offering

away from attaining the heft and bravura that her role requires. Italian mezzo Fiorenza Cossotto, as the vengeful princess Amneris, is past her prime at 53 (she made her Met debut in the same part 20 years ago). And the omnipresent Domingo serves up his familiar blend of pathos and bathos without seeming to care where one stops and the other starts. It is a fatal—but typical—blend of age and inexperience that even Levine's elegant conducting cannot ameliorate.



Mitchell as Aida: upstaged by towering sets

The era of content-free opera is at hand.

ing this animated comic book as art? While not a disaster on the order of last season's catastrophic *Il Trovatore*, the new *Aida* represents all that ails the company these days.

When the biggest hand of an operatic evening is not for the singers—Leona Mitchell as the eponymous Ethiopian slave girl, Plácido Domingo as her hapless Egyptian lover Radames—but for towering sets and slick stage machinery, then the era of content-free opera is at hand. Under the artistic direction of James Levine and departing general manager Bruce Crawford, the Met has suffered from a hardening of its arteries, offering up one lumbering spectacle after another without much apparent thought as to whether they make artistic sense.

Consider the casting of *Aida*. Mitchell is a fine American singer still some years

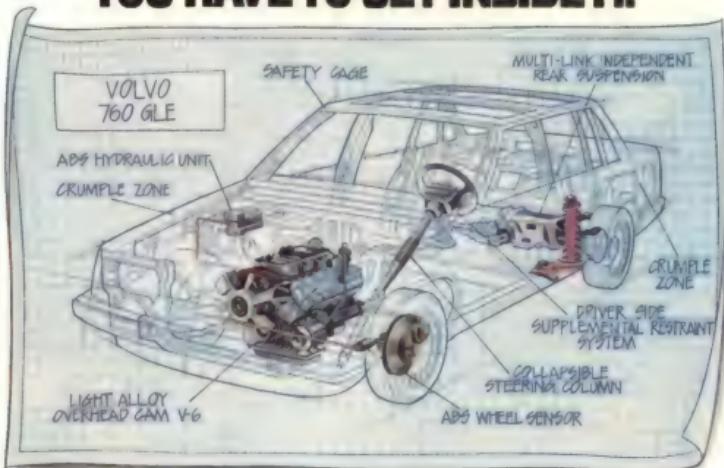
originally, the Met entrusted *Aida*'s direction and design to Franco Zeffirelli, who recreated the city of Paris in the 1981 *La Bohème* and put the Forbidden City on the stage with his 1987 *Turandot*. When Zeffirelli's designs turned out to be too big and expensive, Gianni Quaranta, Zeffirelli's set decorator on several films, was engaged instead. Quaranta has conjured up a storybook Nile replete with towering statues, colorful friezes and a couple of skittish horses to pull Radames' chariot during the Triumphal March. Employing the two-tiered hydraulic stage lift a la Franco. Quaranta triggered the evening's longest ovation by gratuitously transforming Amneris' private chambers into a huge public square. Such technical sleight of hand was novel when first used back in 1966 in Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, but by now it has become a cliché. But then, clichés are also the penchant of director Sonja Fissell, who allows Cossotto to vamp around the stage like a refugee from a Cecil B. DeMille epic.

The problem is that no one is in charge, and not just of *Aida*. Crawford, the former chairman of BBDO International, who became general manager just three years ago, stunned the opera world last month when he announced he would return to his first love, the ad game. In April, Levine, 45, has been at the Met practically since puberty and lately has been making valedictory noises: it is no secret that he wishes to expand his European activities and that Herbert von Karajan's twin jobs as head of the Berlin Philharmonic and the Salzburg Festival would suit him just fine. The Met, already scrambling for a new general manager, could eventually be shopping for a new music director as well.

But it will take more than a change at the top to restore the company's tarnished luster. It will take a change of heart. What the Met needs is fewer circuses and more bread. It is an old theater adage that you can't hum the scenery. If only the Temple of Ptah could sing. ■



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An Ocean Cruise in Manhattan

Attack chairs and hidden bars glitz up an old hotel

BY JOHN SKOW

Restless souls forever in search of the cutting edge but never quite sure they have found it are directed to Manhattan's new Royalton Hotel, in the theater district. At least for now, the cutting edge is here. Bring Band-Aids.

If you don't believe it, watch the big man in the Boer War trench coat. He feels a little out of place in the snazzy Royalton lobby because everybody else (there is 44-going-on-22, wearing University of Sofia sweat shirts and \$1,250 gazelle-skin bomber jackets) he thinks he would feel less conspicuous sitting down, but that is not nearly so simple as it sounds. Most of the furniture in the block-long lobby, which resembles the grand saloon of a beached ocean liner from some troubled dream, is pretty aggressive stuff. Near at hand, for instance, a pair of sharp, stainless-steel horns, curved forward like those of a fighting bull, rise improbably from the top rear edge of a medium-size white canvas cube. This contraption is placed at a chess table—chess is a design element here—and is evidently a sitting machine, a chair.

The big geezer, who used to stay at the Royalton when it was a comfortable dump with furniture that couldn't fight back, now makes a mistake. As he sits, he tries to work too close to the bull. He swings his legs past the right horn, one of the chair's arms, and sinks down. A hideous ripping sound arrests all conversation. Does someone say, "Oh, the poor man?" Do paramedics dressed as bellboys come running with plasma and a stretcher?

More to the point, is the new Royalton really suitable for out-of-towners? The old Royalton sheltered Third World businessmen, flight crews from obscure airlines, unglamorous theater folk, out-of-town magazine writers, and several old ladies who looked like great aunts. The stains on the wallpaper got to be old friends. If you came in past 11:30 p.m., you found the door locked. Eventually, the night porter would answer the bell, not exactly in his bathrobe but looking the way your girlfriend's father used to when you brought her home late. If your

step was wobbly on these occasions, the porter looked concerned. Rates passed for cheap in midtown—\$80 for a small suite—and if you had not checked in for a while, the desk clerk asked after your health.

Then, a couple of years ago, the Royalton stopped answering its phone. Crazy stories circulated, all true. There were new owners, Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, the Merry-Andrews who ran the wildly successful disco Studio 54 a decade before (and shared a cell in federal prison for evading taxes on the disco's income). To reinvent everything from door knobs to plumbing, they hired Philippe Starck, a Euro-glitz wild man usually described as a French biker-designer (he is French, rides a big motorcycle and designs things).

Starck spent \$10 million, so it is claimed, and the visitor in the torn trench coat has to admit that what Schrager and Rubell got for this bundle is momentarily, at any rate, the least boring public building in Manhattan. Some of it works; some of it doesn't; that is what is interesting. The chairs are, perhaps, too lively. Not just the ones that stab you—also the ones made of mahogany laminate that have two normal legs on the front but only one stainless-steel leg at the rear, so that any-

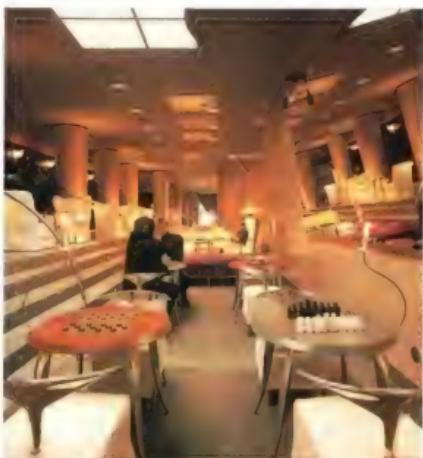
one who tilts backward rolls over abruptly, heels in the air.

The designer's best bold stroke was to hollow out the Royalton's long, block-through, columned lobby and bring it alive. People sit here and talk nonsense to one another, order tea—a liquor license is still to come—wait for somebody to tilt a chair back, argue about what Starck did right and wrong. (Right: a bar, made of dark marble, with a lovely, sinuous stainless-steel footrest, and a thin strip of glowing blue glass set into the top. Wrong: tacky purple ropes with tassels, holding up enormous mirrors.)

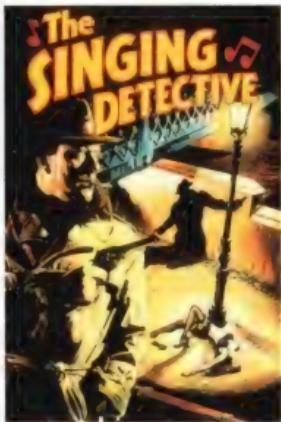
A trip to the men's room is Niagara; the urinal is a huge stainless-steel waterfall (no compensating astonishment for women). A newcomer can be sent to find a tiny round bar that might seat ten people, hidden near the entrance. Finding it is not easy, to the satisfaction of Rubell and Schrager. They insisted that their builder hide the door. "Discreet is in," says Rubell, 46. "If you don't know where it is," observes Schrager, 42, "you wouldn't be comfortable there. Our guests will be a certain sort of people who will feel right here." The Royalton is the second Manhattan hotel bought by the pair, with two other partners. The first, Morgans, on Madison Avenue, is so discreet that no name appears outside, and cab drivers have to intuit its location. They have plans for two more, including the Barbizon, once a stately hotel for women only, which they intend to turn into an "urban spa."

Bring money. Breakfast for two, without champagne, can run to \$50 or \$60. That said, service is friendly, partly, say Rubell and Schrager, because none of the staff have worked in a hotel before. Sizable rooms are \$190 and up, to \$1,200 for a large penthouse. Fresh flowers are everywhere. Bathrooms are glass and gray slate with big round tubs. There are fireplaces in most of the bedrooms. No pictures of sailboats and sunsets; in fact, no art at all, except for a single Paul Klee or Joan Miró postcard, mincingly placed behind a candle holder.

Just a minute. (Room service has arrived with lox, bagel and cream cheese. Don't look at the bill, just sign it.) Um, yes. Beer in the fridge. The stereo is playing. It is easy to forget that this ocean liner is beached in New York City. Or that it is beached at all; a curious rocking motion has commenced. ■



The snazzy block-through lobby of the Royalton Hotel
Chess is a design element, but upstairs, art is out.



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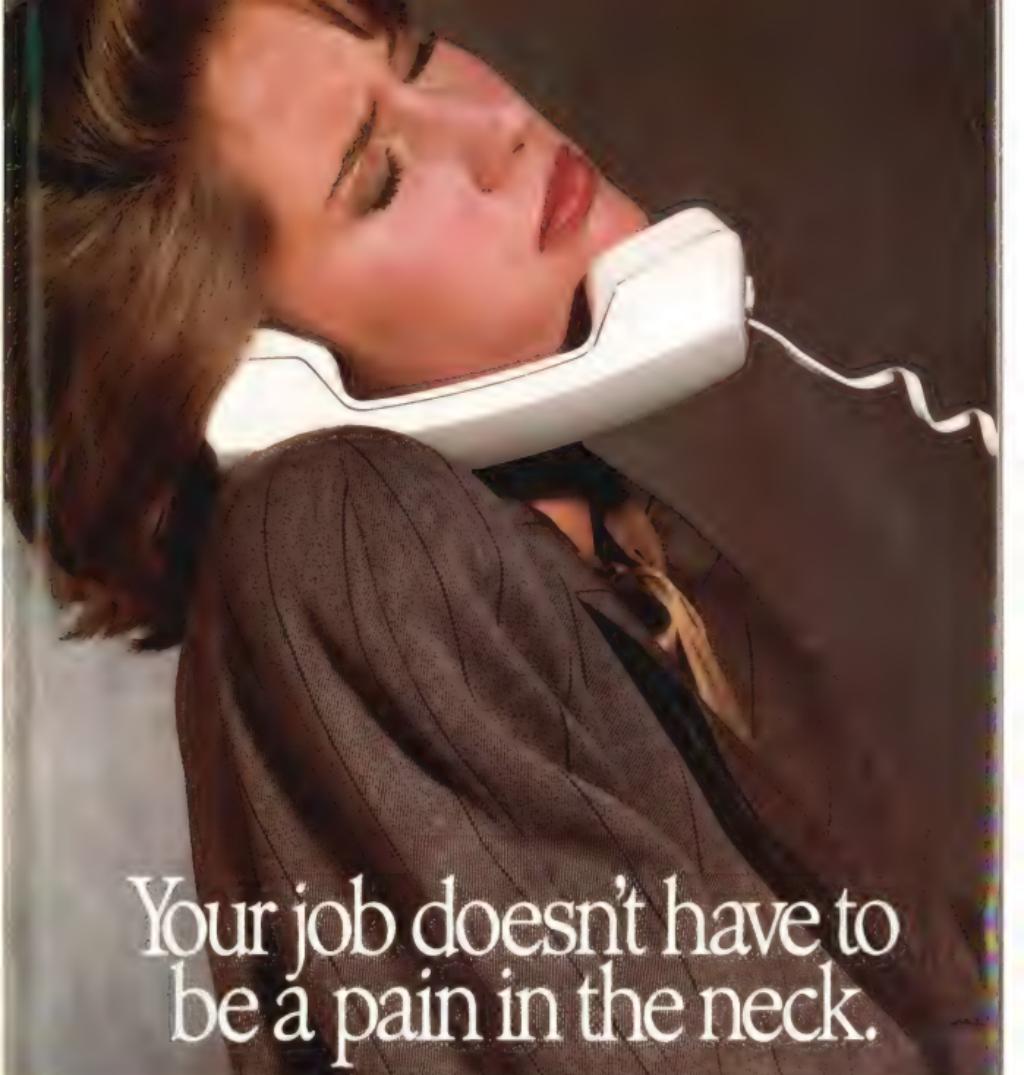
Notes from The Singing Detective

Dennis Potter makes beautiful music from painful lives

BY RICHARD CORLISS

A sheet-music salesman reels through the Depression with murder on his mind, adultery on his conscience and a song in his heart. A young man walks into an English home to burglar a loveless couple and rape their brain-damaged daughter. An American woman, troubled by fantasies of her lost child, walks out on her philandering oaf of a husband, whom she may have stabbed to death. An aging British novelist pifers the life of his beautiful niece for the plot of his new book. Another novelist, strapped to a hospital bed with a grotesquely disfiguring skin disease, plots deadly revenge on all those who have loved him not quite enough.

Welcome to the world of English writer Dennis Potter: a nightmare realm of domestic violence, scored to the haunting lilt of pop standards. His output embraces dozens of television plays, half a dozen screenplays and two novels. But the range of Potter's work is less impressive than its searing ferocity and compassion. His haunted characters dwell in the surreal land we all inhabit, as we float vagrantly from suffocating reality to liberating fantasy, from pessimism to possibility, from fear to hope—and then back, always back

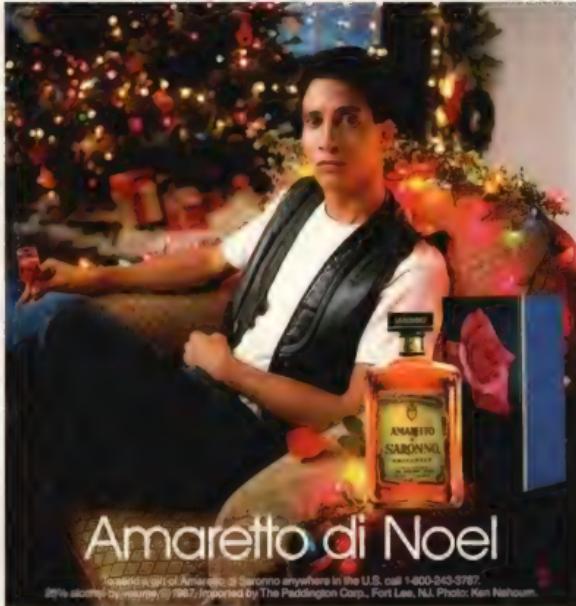


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again, when we realize that the conditional tense holds even more horror than the present. Ultimately a Potter protagonist is likely to realize, like Dorothy back from Oz, that life is best endured at home. Just plant a bitter smile on your face and whistle something sweet in the dark.

The mood suffused Potter's 1978 BBC serial, *Pennies from Heaven* (in which Bob Hoskins played the music salesman), his 1982 film, *Brimstone and Treacle* (with Sting as the satanic young man), and the current *Track 29* (starring Theresa Russell as the American wife). In October his novel *Blackeyes* (about the plagiarizing novelist) was published, to acclaim. In the U.S., and last month the BBC aired his new series, *Christabel*, a domestic drama set in '40s Germany. *Masterpiece Theatre* will show the series in February.

The Potter celebration now reaches its climax: *The Singing Detective*, his 1986 masterpiece about a hospitalized writer, has begun a six-week run in Manhattan's Public Theater movie house. When this 6-hr. 42-min. serial was broadcast on PBS earlier this year, it attracted a rabid cult following, and *New York Times* film critic Vincent Canby called it "one of the wittiest, wordiest, singeingest-dancingest, most ambitious, freshest, most serious, least solemn movies of the year." Now *Detective*, handsomely directed by Jon Amiel, is up on the big screen where it belongs—and where it looks marvelous.

Novelist Julian Barnes described Potter as a "Christian socialist with a running edge of apocalyptic disgust." And Potter's works have provoked disgust in the more easily shockable segments of the British public. The tabloid press denounced the *Detective* series as pornography, and as Potter recalls, "one Member of Parliament got up on his hind legs and said that he'd counted the number of

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Show Business

swear words and bare bums. But that's partly because television is taken more seriously in England, which means more seriously by the fools as well." One scene—a flashback of a desperate encounter between the writer's mother and her husband's best friend—was sexually explicit, even by the liberal standards of British TV. "There was a debate about it at BBC," Potter says, "but they decided to let it go uncut. And in fact the consequences of that particular adultery were illness and death and great misery. So it could hardly be held up as an invitation to promiscuity." In the end, *Detective* earned robust ratings and a British Academy of Film and Television Arts best actor award for Michael Gambon, who plays the writer with unflinching brilliance.

On the suppurating surface, this writer, Philip Marlow, is every bit as tortured and brilliant as the man who created him. Marlow, who relishes the cheap irony that his name echoes that of Raymond Chandler's famed sleuth, is a failed novelist hitting 50 with a terrifying thud. His career has been sidetracked by illness and bile. His marriage to an actress (Janet Suzman) is just an awful memory. Now he lies in a London hospital, racked with psoriatic arthritis, a crippling condition of the skin and bones. The pain and the pain-killers force Marlow's mind down strange old country lanes and treacherous culs-de-sac. Figures from the past make cameo appearances in his nightmares, and traumas from his Gloucestershire childhood mingle with the plot of his first novel, *The Singing Detective*. This time, he is the hero—and, maybe, the murderer. Doesn't each man kill the thing he loves most? Himself?

In one sense, Potter is no Marlow. His works—novels as well as plays—are lionized, though the author is unawed: "I think novels are rather easier to write than plays. You can dance around without any thought for the proprieties of physical space: of actors making noises and opening doors, and of being corralled with an audience on either side of me. Years ago I loved the theater—until television came along, until I really saw it, saw what you could do with it. I love what television could be if they left it alone." Exemplarily, British television has left Potter alone to create his emotionally atonal rhapsodies, whereas Marlow suffers the gnawing impotence of creative failure. And yet, Potter knows Marlow well: the author's biography crosses his character's life at crucial points.

Potter was born, the same year as Marlow, into a poor family in the Forest of Dean, those sprawling West Country woods where young Philip spots his mother copulating. Potter moved to London, as his character does, was graduated with honors from Oxford, ran unsuccessfully for Parlia-



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er copulating. Potter moved to London, as his character does, was graduated with honors from Oxford, ran unsuccessfully for Parliament in 1964, then began writing teleplays. For half his life he has suffered from the same disease as Marlow, and must stay occasionally in the sort of hospital he lances so vigorously in the series. Potter insists that *Detective* is not autobiographical, "except for the illness with which I'm overly, sickeningly familiar. And yet there's something about it that comes closer to the bone than I ever wanted or intended. I realized this when I first watched the rushes. I started to get clammy-handed!"

The sympathetic viewer feels that way too, tracing Marlow's life and fantasies like a truth-seeking gumshoe. "I wanted to make an odyssey," Potter says, "in which a man in extreme pain and anguish tries to assemble the bits of

his life. That's the way you have to deal with physical pain, you know. You have to stand outside it and say, 'O.K., destroy me if you must, but I'm going somewhere else.' Those acute, extreme forms of illness almost force you to divide yourself between the suffering

animal and the human being who has to moderate the suffering with intelligence and stoicism. And, if not kill it off, at least control it, put the dog on the leash."

The fantasy Marlow is, remember, a singing detective. As he did in *Pennies from Heaven*, Potter scatters period songs to make ironic points. A quartet of doctors turns Fred Waring's *Dry Bones* into a sardonic production number. *The Teddy Bears' Picnic* plays over memories of a forest seduction. "No matter how sugary and banal they might be," Potter says, "old popular songs are in a direct line of descent from the *Psalms*. They're saying that the world is other than the thing around you—other than age, other than sickness, other than death. These songs are chariots; they take you somewhere. The little bounce of the music can deliver you back, or forward, into some of your finest emotions."

So the music is a psalm and, for Philip, a therapeutic balm. In the final shot of *The Singing Detective*, Marlow the writer is able to walk out of the hospital in the guise of Marlow the slick detective. "He's stopped lying there moaning and suffering," Potter observes, "ready to deal with the world as a detective would—tough-minded and able to manipulate it." In the pain-streaked world of Dennis Potter, that counts as a happy ending: hero cured, beautiful woman on his arm, and Vera Lynn warbling *We'll Meet Again* in the tuppenny jukebox of his soul. —Reported by Carrie Ross Welch/ London



Dennis Potter

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Hostess Martha Stewart brings her message to the masses

Standing in front of copper pots that sit on an industrial stove, with a wall of homemade preserves behind her and old-fashioned baskets above, Martha Stewart is right where she belongs—in her big country kitchen. She is spinning sugar, a complex task that will result in a haze of edible angel hair adorning a dessert of red currant ice cream in brandy-snap cups. As she slings the liquid sugar onto a laundry rack with a flick of her whisk, Stewart effortlessly alternates advice ("The hot sugar can get stuck in your cats' fur. Keep them out of the room") and anecdotes ("I forgot to buy regular squares of beeswax, so I am taking a little bit of the foundation that I use in my beehive"). No matter that her audience is only a camera. In fact, that is terrific: the more eyes on Martha, the better.

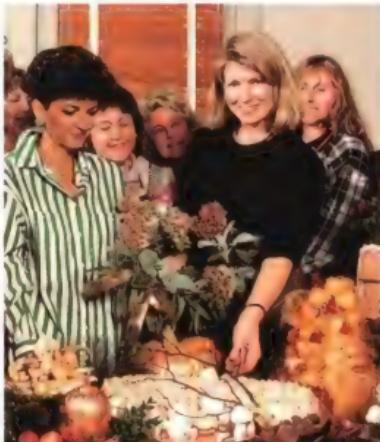
Stewart's audience seems to just grow and grow. Not only has she sold some 1.8 million of her sumptuous coffee-table cookbooks since her first, *Entertaining*, in 1982, but she has also become at 47 the guru of good taste (and taste buds) in American entertaining, looked to by millions of American women for guidance about everything from weddings to weeding. From her beginnings as a Westport, Conn., caterer, she has risen like cream, until she now supplies her expertise through a newsletter, videos, seminars and lectures. Says Stewart: "I leave a lecture with 800 or 900 new friends—I consider them my friends—who will buy all my books, write to me and come to my seminars."

Now she has taken on a partner: K mart, the nation's second largest retailer. They make an odd couple: K mart, long plagued by its low-rent reputation, and Stewart, whose life looks like a Ralph Lauren ad. But next spring, as K mart's first "life-style consultant," Stewart will launch under her own name a line of K mart products, including linens, dishes and flatware. This marriage stands to benefit both parties: K mart can trade on Stewart's patrician polish and she on a whole new audience.

The products will sell at K mart prices (a five-piece place setting should be about \$20) and will necessarily reflect a compromise between Stewart's champagne tastes and the retailer's beer budget. Class, in most cases, carries the day, but there are

exceptions. Says K mart executive Marilyn Gill: "It was difficult for Martha to understand why not everyone would want a 100%-cotton tablecloth." Looks as if practicality won that round: the cloth will probably be a blend.

Stewart's latest and largest venture provides additional ammunition for her detractors, who criticize what they see as her relentless self-promotion and a tendency to value presentation over flavor.



The cook displays the proof of the pudding to students
Spun sugar, gilded truffles and botanically correct leaves.

Stewart says that if she were an insider in food circles, the voices would be muted. "People think because I haven't worked in a restaurant that I haven't paid my dues. I am not a chef, but I do my own cooking and my own creating." Self-promotion is not unhealthy, she notes, saying, "If you have an idea, you should make it your own idea, with your name, your face."

Her adoring fans agree. The few among them who pay \$900 to attend one of her quarterly seminars—waiting time is about a year—feel fortunate to get an up-close look at glamorous country chic. For three days participants study the Stewart style, committing to memory her 1805 farmhouse, its 19th century English and American antiques, almost six acres of gardens with 15 varieties of lettuce, and barn with Araucana

chickens that lay blue eggs. Heady stuff, but Stewart makes her guests feel at home in it. Says Michigan housewife Lynda Byer: "I worried that she'd be a little, you know, snobby. But she's just so down to earth."

There is nothing down-home about Stewart's demonstrations, however. Her trendy chocolate truffles are decorated with pure—therefore edible—24-karat gold leaf. Presentation is critical, whether it consists of sage leaves inserted under turkey skin "in the design of your choice" or "botanically correct" pastry leaves on a sweet-potato or pumpkin pie. Few details escape her attention, as when she insists on freshly ground white pepper in salmon

and scallop timbales: "If you put black pepper in, people will see the big flakes and won't know exactly what it is." Says Dallas caterer Janet Showers: "There is no garnishing like hers."

Stewart's quest for perfection began early. As the second eldest of six children in a middle-class, Nutley, N.J., household—her mother taught sixth grade and her father sold pharmaceuticals—Martha Kostyra spent high school weekends working as a model. While a Barnard student in the early 1960s, she pulled in as much as \$35,000 a year from her modeling, enough to support herself and her husband, publisher Andrew Stewart, whom she married in her sophomore year. It was his family that acquainted her with the high life. "My introduction to grownup entertaining came at a dinner party Andy's sister gave to celebrate our engagement," Stewart writes in *Entertaining*. "I remember white damask cloths, silver candlesticks and a tiny crystal bell that tinkled after each course and whenever I dropped my napkin." After graduation, Stewart tackled Wall Street, but by 1973 she left stockbroking to care for her young daughter Alexis, now 23. Three years later, her catering career took off.

Her business has so edged out her private life that the two are almost one. Stewart's mother, a sister, a brother and sister-in-law are on her payroll, and her eat-'em-up ambition apparently contributed to the breakup last year of her marriage. Says longtime friend Janet Horowitz: "I don't think I've ever been to a dinner party at Martha's that wasn't photographed." A big holiday party will be included in her upcoming Christmas book. For Martha Stewart, loss of privacy is a small price to pay for perfection.

—By Elizabeth L. Bland

Reported by Janice C. Simpson/Westport



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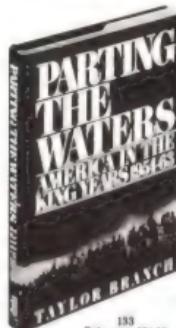


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Theater

Speaking the Plain Truth

OUR TOWN by Thornton Wilder

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III

Plays can prove themselves to be lasting literature in two ways. Some, like *Hamlet*, show a protean adaptability that allows each interpreter to find a different theme or message. Others, like *Our Town*, which is celebrating its 50th anniversary with a robustly funny Broadway revival that opened last week, say much the same things in every production, yet manage to do so with a seemingly inexhaustible freshness. Actors and directors, predictably, tend to prefer the protean kind of play, because it gives them greater opportunity to display creativity and intelligence. But audiences can be just as happy with the second kind, rediscovering time and again the undiminished pleasures of work that speaks the plain truth.

When Thornton Wilder wrote *Our Town* in the midst of the Depression, he expressed a beleaguered nation's nostalgia for simpler times. The passage of five decades has only sweetened the attraction. As the serenely uneventful first act unfolds, spectators may find themselves daydreaming of moving to a village where everyone says hello and no one locks his door. But in the third and final act, as the shade of young Emily Webb returns from cemetery hill to re-experience her twelfth birthday, Wilder convincingly argues that what makes all life look enticing is the distance granted by memory or imagination. As lived moment to moment, he contends, human existence is mostly ritual, habit and numb unawareness. Rather than be wistful for the life that is no longer, or never was, we should be open and venturesome in the time we have. The message is simplicity itself, yet its wisdom is so powerful that it has been echoed—if never improved upon—in countless sermons and self-help books.

This revival, staged by Gregory Mosher, director of the Lincoln Center Theater, cannot entirely recapture the liberating novelty that the first audiences found in Wilder's disdain for sets, props and other devices of illusion. But the production vividly evokes both his playful belittling of narrative and the irresistible appeal of his story-

telling. Monologist Spalding Gray brings a feisty and brooding quality to the customarily benign stage manager; if his halfhearted attempts at a New Hampshire accent fail, the laughs he evokes are both frequent and authentic to the text. Film actors Eric Stoltz (*Mask*) and Penelope Ann Miller (*Biloxi Blues*) portray the young lovers, and it is hard to imagine that their soda-shop infatuation scene has ever been performed better. Miller, though, is not quite up to the last act's demands of kittenish adolescence combined with otherworldly grace. The rest of the 27-member cast is solid, and Peter Maloney is memorable as Emily's jocular yet practical father.

Our Town is yet another quasi-commercial undertaking by the nonprofit Lincoln Center company, joining its productions of *Sarafina!*, *Speed-the-Plow* and *Anything Goes* in currently drawing crowds on Broadway. Despite grumbling by competitors about union concessions and unfair competition, Lincoln Center has made a major contribution. At a time when most other producers condescendingly offer fluff, it has shown that mainstream ticket buyers have better taste. ■



Gray, top, and bridal couple Stoltz and Miller
Life distanced by memory or imagination



Winsome cynicism: Gerroll and Butler

Media Mates

EMERALD CITY

by David Williamson

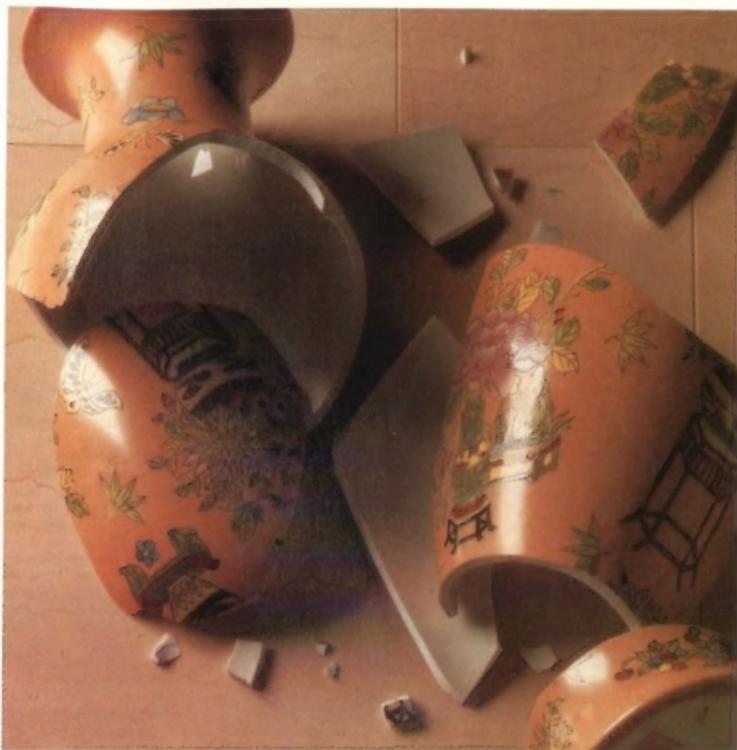
When Australian films vaulted to world prominence a few years ago, at the heart of the action was screenwriter David Williamson, whose credits include *Gallipoli* and *The Year of Living Dangerously*. Like many a successful artist, Williamson apparently discovered that only part of his soul was committed to artistic integrity. The rest lusted for wealth, fame, power and a sweeping view of Sydney's harbor. This confrontation with the dark side is the central theme of *Emerald City*. Williamson's winsomely cynical comedy of manners among the media hucksters Down Under. It is now enjoying a deft, engaging production off-Broadway.

The story brings together a gifted, high-minded screenwriter and a no-talent hustler with feckless charm and terminal greed. Guess which comes out on top? The rest of the plot is equally unsurprising: the screenwriter's sanctimonious wife, a publishing executive, abandons all her principles in pursuit of material success, and so on. What makes *Emerald City* striking is that Williamson has the gift he attributes to his onstage surrogate: an ability to bring characters alive. He is aided by beguilingly energetic performances from Daniel Gerroll as the screenwriter and Dan Butler as the hustler.

Although deeply personal, this work invites comparisons with Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing*, Michael Frayn's *Benefactors* and, above all, David Mamet's *Speed-the-Plow*, which is more animated and bitter in its glimpse of the film business but not as involving. Like Stoppard and Frayn but unlike Mamet, Williamson has the daring to write about artists who are actually artistic—sincere and good at what they do. His fable ends ambiguously for all parties, but with a whiff of genuine tragedy.

—W.A.H. III

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Richard Brookhiser

Some Misconceptions About Transitions

The hum you hear coming from the Beltway is the chanting of transition mantras—the phrases that rise to the lips of Washingtonians every time someone new moves into the Oval Office. Like other ritual phrases, transition mantras are hallowed by time; they may even contain traces of truth. But as a steady background blur, they are as dulling to the mind as New Age music.

Take that favorite with compilers of résumés, "Personnel is policy." This slogan reflects the fact that things don't happen just because the President-elect has said they will. All his ideas and campaign pledges depend for their execution on a hydra-headed Administration. If the hydra's ideas come to differ from the President's, strange things may ensue.

A classic instance of personnel shaping policy was President Richard Nixon's embrace, in his first term, of the Family Assistance Plan, a form of guaranteed income for poor families. FAP was largely a Democratic proposal. The first draft was submitted by two Democratic holdovers in the upper bureaucracy who were so skeptical of getting a hearing that they referred to it as the Christian Working Man's Anti-Communist National Defense Rivers and Harbors Act of 1969. But their handiwork caught the eye of another Democrat, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who had come into the Nixon White House as a presidential assistant, and who blarneyed Nixon into endorsing the idea.

What this tale of triumphant personal policymaking leaves out is the fact that it could have occurred only in a vacuum. Richard Nixon had little interest in domestic affairs: the country, he once told Teddy White, "could run itself." Under a President as concerned with social issues as with the Sino-Soviet balance of power, all the holdovers in the world would have had little effect.

The larger truth is that though presidential appointees and the career bureaucrats over whom they preside can do or undo a great deal, the decisive factor is will at the top. A President who is engaged can sustain loyalists and thwart the deviant. When the attention of the White House wavers, entropy sets in.

Another November-to-January slogan holds that the new Administration should "hit the ground running." The personnel (who are policy) should be picked as soon as possible—the implicit assumption being that unless your people get a head start, they will be lost in the shuffle.

George Bush, who has been filling senior slots at a fairly brisk pace, has been criticized for not filling them more rapidly. In fact, the Bush transition has in some respects been going on for a long time. Attorney General Dick Thornburgh and Secretary of Education Lauro Cavazos, whom Bush has reappointed to their Cabinet posts, first took over from their Reaganite predecessors months ago. How much good early appointments will do Bush is another question. The last transition team, Ronald Reagan's in 1980, hit the ground stumbling. Its selection of second- and third-level personnel was notoriously constipated. Yet Reagan managed to present historic budget and tax messages to Congress

early in 1981. It was clearly more important to have ideas handy than people.

The last transition truism is that bipartisanship is a "good thing." Bipartisanship won its good name in the great days after World War II, when Democrats and Republicans pulled together to rebuild the world, and politics was thought to stop at the water's edge. These days, bipartisanship is typically invoked as the solution to problems on American dry land, mostly economic. The problem crying out for bipartisan handling this season is the deficit. The new Administration, we're told from every side, must prepare to work with Democrats in Congress and with Republican free spirits such as Bob Dole to fashion some acceptable compromise, particularly on the inflamed issue of taxes. Since the only compromise between no new taxes (Bush's campaign position) and some new taxes (the congressional position) is some new taxes—i.e., a victory for Congress—the call for compromise is, in some mouths, disingenuous. That won't stop columnists and other transition watchers from intoning it.

What all the transition mantras have in common is diminishing the importance of politics. After a two-year presidential campaign, it is understandable that Washingtonians should want to give politics a rest—understandable, but unrealistic. Any Administration that wants to go beyond caretaking must concern itself with more than neutral administrative techniques. It must set goals, rally support and isolate enemies—all political tasks. Defining an agenda for the new personnel is a political task. So is laying out a program. Politics does not stop when the voting does. Governing, like war, is a continuation of politics by other means.

Bipartisanship doesn't make the job of governing any easier. Different parties exist because politicians and voters, broadly speaking, have different ideas. The only way of giving any idea a fair trial is to express it as forcefully as possible. Achieving bipartisan forcefulness is like driving with the brakes on.

In this light, the election of liberal Democrat George Mitchell as Senate majority leader was a welcome dissidence in the general harmony. The outgoing leader, Robert Byrd, for all his attractive qualities, was a case of false advertising. The courtly, personally conservative West Virginian did not accurately represent the party of Tom Harkin and Howard Metzenbaum. Bennett Johnson, one of the losers in the leadership contest, would have been bad for the same reason. With Mitchell, what we see is what we'll get. Better a Teddy Kennedy copy than a Lloyd Bentsen copy. Republicans can take comfort from the fact that whenever partisan competitions have been framed in conservative-liberal terms during the past 20-odd years, they've tended to win.

The bad thing about the depoliticizing bromides of the transition is that they can confuse spectators and mislead the players. The good thing is that they have short life-spans. About the time the first Washington blizzard paralyzes Pennsylvania Avenue, reality will have set in. ■



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